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DEVOTED TO THE SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL NEEDS OF MANKIND.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

TRANSMUTATION OF METALS BY SPIRITS.

PHILADELPHIA. *April* 18. 1858.

Mr. Eborer.—Being in this city on a visit from the State of Missouri, I embraced the opportunity to call on Professor Hare, to see what new developments or discoveries he was making in Spiritualism. A history of these most astounding spiritual manifestations, which are now taking place in the Professor's laboratory, I have no doubt he will in due time make known to the public. My main object in writing this letter is to state what I was witness to myself. The manifestations that are taking place before the analytic mind of Dr. Hare, in his laboratory, are certainly the most extraordinary, and of a kind the world has never seen or heard of, which will force conviction upon the minds of those who are even determined not to believe, for the very reason that, under the circumstances, it is impossible for mortal man to do them. I will, however, state some of the manifestations the Doctor told me have taken place within a short time past.

A common manifestation, or one that is frequently made before Dr. Hare, is the changing a copper cent in a few minutes time, into a piece of gold. The Doctor has quite a number of pieces of gold, all of which have been made by the Spirits from copper cents. He showed me a solution of Russia platinum, made from the ore by the Spirits. Also a piece of *pure silver*, weighing 3,980 grains, which had been converted into a fluid state by the Spirits, and then changed back to the original solid mass. He placed at one time a number of coins of different kinds—gold, silver and copper—into a glass jar, closely corked, and then put the jar containing the coins, into an empty wooden box, which was then also closed. In three minutes—the Doctor standing by with his watch in hand—it was changed into a two-and-a-half dollar gold coin. After he had examined it, and placed it again in the jar, and then in the box, in five minutes it was converted into the same kind and number of coins he had put in. On another occasion, he

placed a number of coins of different kinds, in like manner, in a jar, and had them converted into a solid mass in a few minutes. The Spirits then changed this solid mass of metal into the same number and kinds of coin he had put in.

Many other extraordinary manifestations have taken, and are still taking place, in the Doctor's laboratory, and have been witnessed by others.

I will now state what I saw myself. Dr. Hare, the medium, M. Aug. Ruggles (a young man, 18 or 19 years of age, to whom I was an entire stranger when I entered the laboratory), and myself, were all who were present. The medium seated himself before the spiritoscope, which was upon the table in the center of the room, Dr. Hare and myself being seated on the opposite side, and near the table. After a few minutes, the Spirits said, through the spiritoscope, "Let Dr. S. A. Peters put two glass tubes and two pieces of Russia ore in the box." Dr. Hare then left his seat and got me two glass tubes about six inches in length, and about half an inch in diameter, hermetically sealed at the ends, and also two pieces of Russia platinum, each about the size of a common bullet. The box into which I was to put them I examined. It was on the table before me. It was in the shape of a writing desk, two feet or more in length, and a foot and a half in breadth, and from four to eight inches in depth, having a sloping lid, with hinges and a clasp. In this box I placed the two glass tubes and two pieces of platinum—nothing else being in the box—and closed it. Dr. Hare and myself then took the seats we had occupied before, and the medium (M. Ruggles), continued to remain at the spiritoscope. After waiting fifty-five minutes the Spirit said, through the spiritoscope, "We have a present for Dr. S. A. P.; let him go to the box and get it." I then went to the box, which was only a few feet from me, opened it, and found the two pieces of Russia platinum inside of the two hermetically sealed glass tubes.

I shall offer no comment upon the above. What I was witness to I considered it my duty to make known to the world. I have no interest to subserve in the above statement, farther than the good will I have for my fellow man. S. A. PETERS.

A SPIRIT IDENTIFIED AND AIDED.

ALMOND, N. Y., April 2, 1858.

C. PARTRIDGE :

Sir—I know nothing of Spiritualism, always having chimed in with the not unpopular cry of "*humbug*:" therefore, permit me to bear witness to a FACT.

Calling at Fargo & Co.'s, 447 Greenwich-street, New York, one evening last week, I found a small party engaged with Miss Julia E. Lounsbury, a clairvoyant and spiritual medium. They informed me that she had been entranced about five hours. I was a stranger to many there, yet on entering the room the medium arose, and taking me by the hand, said : " How do you do, Van? Glad to meet you here. We used to have good times here together. Wouldn't you like a horn of brandy and water? I used to take a 'horn,' you know; and it would seem

like old times." Turning to Fargo : "Can't you give us a 'horn'?" "Who, are you?" asked Fargo. "I am Robert, your old friend," and started toward the *étagère*, when Fargo gave some brandy and water, and received for an answer, that it was "d—n good." A familiar chat ended with an engagement to dine next day.

Accordingly, as per agreement, I called, and notwithstanding the medium resisted and left the room about ten minutes before the time, saying that we "must have our fun alone," when the clock pointed the hour, Robert had possession of the medium, and said: "I was to meet Van here to dinner." I then came in from an ante-room, when he arose, and taking my hand, said: "Van, I see you are very punctual.". Fargo soon began to ask about his present condition, and was answered that he was "in the dark, lonely and unhappy." Many questions were given and answered, in which we were told that if some Spirit-friend would come and "teach him," he could advance to the light. I told him that I had a Spirit-friend that was a lovely girl of sixteen; that was beautiful, and good as beautiful, that would gladly assist him, and do all that could be done to relieve his dreary condition. We then asked him to call on my Spirit-friend, Mary Jane, and she, for *our* sake, would help *our* friend. He said that "he could not go where she was, for it was too light there; that her home was too bright for him to approach; that *she* could come to *him* if she would; that he would leave the medium, and leave an influence for her to come, and then we could point out her mission and errand of mercy for his relief. Mary Jane, taking possession of the medium, said: "I came so soon, my friend, because an influence has drawn me here. What can I do for you?" We answered: "We have a friend who is miserable indeed." "What made him so?" Answer: "Drink!", "He had a good heart, and his name is Robert."

She soon began by saying, "Robert, come : come, Robert. Yonder is my home (pointing upward); come—come, Robert ;" and there was a nervous earnestness, evincing an important struggle to do good by bringing a fellow-spirit to the light. At length the sound died away in the distance, and raising her hand and pointing upward, she smiled, and remained transfixed for some fifteen minutes, when she arose and said, "I have taken Robert to the light, and he desired me to come and tell you that he was happy. I will go after him," she continued, "that he may tell you."

In a moment he threw himself (the medium) into our arms, saying: "I am so happy; how beautiful and how good was that dear angel you sent to be my guide, my light, my teacher, and my companion! She says that she will keep me with her, and give light as much as my strength will bear. How can I repay you for being so mindful of me? What time I have lost in dreary darkness! What good I might have done! How differently I should have lived! Oh! I knew it not till this bright angel came; and yet I can not go to her beautiful home."

* I never shall live long enough to have this scene erased from my memory, or the sound of that sweet voice not familiar to my ear.

it is too bright there for me now, but I will have more strength soon. I will not use any more bad words, nor desire any more drink, for I can now drink from the fountain of light, and will go about doing good. Oh! what time I have lost! What good I might have done!"

During all this time he had us by the hands, expressing more joy and gratitude than is often the lot of mortals here to witness.

After that we had many visits from Mary Jane and Robert, and a hundred more evidences of the truth of these remarks, than could here be written, have been given us.

I profess myself a novice *in toto* in regard to these spiritual phenomena, and until the density of my ignorance shall have cleared away, I will not attempt to enlighten believers.

There is developing in this medium one of the most remarkable features, I believe, in the whole range of Spiritualism; that is, Mary Jane and Robert take her on visits to the future world and show her as much as she can bear; and give her the power and language to relate it to us in her normal state.

I understand this extraordinary medium will remain at this place, and can be tested on any subject matter of the future world, or can be consulted as a clairvoyant or healing medium, being controlled in the latter by an Indian doctor, and other eminent Spirit-physicians whose names I am not at liberty to mention.

Yours truly,

VAN.

PSYCHOMETRY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

The presence among us of the mysterious power of psychometry, while it is regarded with simple curiosity, does it not call for some more searching investigation than a casual observation of its test facts? If these are successful in slight experiments, are they not the phenomenal evidences of a still mightier power lingering behind them, which might, if understood and applied in a more extended degree, realize the prophecy that the hidden things should be brought into light, and what is spoken in the closet, should be proclaimed on the house-top? My own experience furnishes me daily with evidences of the existence of this power, although fettered (as much of the Spirit-phenomena is) by conditions which I do not understand the law of. This power is erratic, not under my own control, and as yet seems scarcely applicable to general purposes of utility. Still it exists, demonstrating clearly that there is an untrodden field, which the plough of investigation might prepare for a glorious crop of knowledge.

Permit me to offer you a very slight, but very significant, test-fact pertinent to this subject. Being somewhat unsettled in my movements, I have caused my letters to be intrusted to the care of my friend, Mrs. E. J. French, at 8 Fourth-avenue. On Thursday evening last I called there, and received an unopened letter carefully sealed, with a post-mark so faint that it would be impossible to detect it. A memorandum on the outside of the envelope, written in pencil, purported to contain the substance of the letter, some of the sentences, together with its address, namely, Wayneborough, Augusta Co., Va. Mr. Culbertson then informed me (before I had time to open the letter) that Mrs. French had had the letter brought to her some time during the day by the servant. She did not even touch it, but perceiving, as the servant held it, that it was for me, desired it to be laid aside till I called. Shortly after this, while sitting at tea with her family, she remarked, "there is a letter for Emma in the next room; bring it here." When her request was complied with, she proceeded, without touching or even glancing at the outside of the letter, to repeat its contents, which Mr. Culbertson transcribed in pencil on the outside of the envelope. On opening it about an hour afterward, when it was handed to me with the above statement, I found the contents to correspond accurately with the pencil-writing on the outside, as spoken by Mrs. French.

This fact is very simple, and perhaps hardly worth detailing, were it not one which is suggestive of a power far too vast to be included in the category of mere phenomena. Insignificant as the whole affair may appear to be, it rises into the majesty of a scientific problem, when the question is considered, "where did the intelligence enabling Mrs. French to read that letter independent of her organs of sight or touch, come from?"

If not intelligence, what was it? What is the law of this phenomenon, and may it not be applied on other and more or less momentous occasions?

Whatever solution of these points my own Spirit-guides may

offer me, is of course no evidence to other minds, unless it be susceptible of demonstration perfectly satisfactory to those other minds; but unless these fragmentary evidences of a power not yet proved to be wholly mundane, and certainly demonstrative of an unexplained law somewhere, be too petty to arrest the attention of the philosopher, or unless the man of science scorns to investigate the mole hill until it has grown to a mountain against which human secretiveness will inevitably break its head, the eager searchers after "something new," may find an Eureka in the mysterious phenomena of psychometry.—I am, Dear Mr. Editor, Yours for Truth.

EMMA HARDINGE.

8 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, April 14.

SPIRITS MOVE PONDERABLE BODIES,

RAP, WRITE, AND SPEAK WITH METHODISTS.

We copy the following from the *Republican*, published at Hamilton, N. Y., under date of April 1. If there are any lingering suspicions of collusion among Spiritualists, or that the remarkable wonders are exaggerated by them, this statement, coming as it does from the bosom of the Methodist Church, and through the secular press, all naturally opposed to Spiritualism, ought to correct such mistakes and prejudices. We hope the friends who have witnessed these phenomena will give us their full history for publication.—Ed.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Having heard, some time since, of certain remarkable phenomena occurring at the house of a Mr. Adin Ely, in the town of Marshall, Oneida county, I visited the place a few days since, to ascertain the truth of the matter. As some of your readers may be interested by an account of the circumstances, I will give a brief relation of the facts that have come to my knowledge.

Mr. Ely is a farmer, apparently in comfortable circumstances, living about two miles from Deansville. He and some other members of his family have been members of the Methodist Church, and if they are not so now, it is on account of their maintaining an opinion of their own in regard to the origin of the manifestations at their house. They are said, by those who know them, to be persons of excellent character, and upon whose word implicit reliance can be placed. I saw none of the phenomena, and was unable, from circumstances which it is needless to detail, to spend more than an hour and a half or so there.

They told me that the first they knew of the phenomena occurred two years ago last August. Three ladies—two sisters of Mrs. Ely, and a daughter of hers by a former marriage—occupied a room on the second floor of the house. After retiring to rest one night, they were startled by noises in the room, as though hard substances were being thrown about. They commenced making inquiries of each other, but without eliciting anything satisfactory, after which they arose and lighted candles. The noises ceased, and they failed to discover their cause. On extinguishing the light, they again commenced, but finally ceased for the night. The next night the demonstrations were renewed; this time, however, in the form of raps, as of persons seeking admission. The examinations of the previous evening were renewed, and with a similar result. Mr. and Mrs. Ely were then called, and they failed to discover a cause for the mysterious sounds. Questions were then asked, and were responded to by the raps, which claimed to have a spiritual origin, and to be made by the Spirits of deceased friends of the family. Tests of unequivocal character were given, and it seemed impossible that the manifestations were capable of any other solution.

These things continued for some time. A daughter of Mr. Ely by a former marriage, who had been spending some time away from home, returned, and she commenced communicating with the mysterious agency by means of the alphabet. Long messages were spelled out, purporting to come from her deceased mother, and every way characteristic of her; and from others of their deceased friends they received equally satisfactory proofs of identity. These things have continued until the present time, and there seems sometimes to be present many others whom none of the family ever knew on earth.

About the time of the occurrence of the circumstances above narrated, physical demonstrations of an extraordinary character commenced, and also *speaking with an audible voice*. On one occasion, as a demonstration of the fact that these things were beyond the control of the family, a green cheese, weighing upwards of thirty pounds, was taken, just after it was removed from the press, and carried a distance of forty or fifty feet, into another room, and placed upon a bed; and what is not less singular, newspapers were found carefully spread on the bed, to prevent injury to the bedding. On several occasions, clothing belonging to different members of the family, has been found stuffed with pillows and various other articles, to make images, and so artistically has this been done, that it has been difficult to tell, at a little distance, that it was not really a living being. Clothes and pieces of cloth have been taken and hung up around rooms, as a sort of scenery, repeatedly; and very frequently members of the family find letters directed to them, and purporting to come from their deceased friends, pinned to their clothing, or lying in conspicuous situations. On many occasions, various articles have been moved and thrown about the room before their eyes, and without mortal contact. Once, after the family had sat down to dinner, the table was turned completely round. At other times it was raised from the floor by an invisible agency.

These manifestations seem to have been given them for the purpose of demonstrating the reality and authenticity of the communications, and to afford them an opportunity of communicating again with such of their friends as have passed beyond this sphere. They have exhibited the peculiar characteristics of the persons from whom they purport to come, and have answered every test that in the nature of the case it was possible to give. The narration of even a small part of the circumstances would extend this letter to an inconvenient length; therefore I shall not attempt it. Although the physical demonstration have been so numerous and violent, not the slightest injury has been done to the furniture, or any other articles in the house. They came unsought by the family, and were received with doubt and disbelief at first—but the overwhelming array of evidence they furnished; drove away the last misgivings from their minds.

The family showed me every courtesy while I was there, and in their narrative of the facts showed every appearance of candor and honesty. They seemed to be people of intelligence and character, and to have no ends to serve but the dissemination of the truth. Their accounts would seem incredible were it not well known that similar occurrences, well attested, had taken place in different localities, all over the country.

Yours, etc.,

March 27, 1858.

ALVIN STURTEVANT.

NELLY'S BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

BY A. W. BOWWICK.

The Morn upon the heavenly hills
Awakes and sheds her brightness 'round;
With floods of holy light she fills
The blooming bowers, all glory crowned—
Unfolds her brooding wings and smiles
Above the fair and radiant isles.
Soft is the gale that floats among
The soothing shades and groves of palm;
And voices from the fields of song
Come laden with the breath of balm;
And living streams, of purest sheen
Flow, murmuring, through those groves of green.

Beneath—amid the waving trees,
And all beside the wandering streams—
Their garments rustling in the breeze,
And faces bathed with angel beams—
The shining ones—a gentle band—
Go silently, with hand in hand.

And oftentimes, as gathering there,
Musing on days and friends of old,
They lift their earnest eyes in prayer,
And ask to have the stone of prayer
Of Superstition, Doubt and Gloom,
That rests upon our living tomb.

ONE—ONE, I know in robes of white—
Walks forth—the dew upon her feet—
To hail the new-created light,
And with her eager lips to greet
The earliest glow—that tells of one—
The first her eyes e'er looked upon.

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
Since she was fondling by my side;
A smile of hope to cheer my way—
A girl in years, yet with the pride
Of woman in her deep, deep eye,
Whose hue was borrowed from the sky.

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
Since first I marked the crimson glow
That stole her very life away;
And watched the shadow come and go
That stretched beyond the surging wave
And rested on her green roofed grave.

It seems as if my truant feet
Were sometimes near the glistering strand;
As if I almost heard the beat
Of waters from the far-off land;
As if I saw one little spark
Of light across the sea of dark.

And now, it seems, I walk with her—
And listen to her matin lay—
Through paths of bloom and fields of myrrh,
On this, of all, her holiest day,
And know, as whilst I hear her sing,
That DEATH is but the blossoming.

DECADENCE OF LAWRENCE, MASS.—The *Manchester* (N. H.) *American* says: A resident of some years in this neighboring city, writes us that the stagnation of business and dearth of employment are greater here than in any manufacturing town of New England. Twelve months ago the population was reckoned at 15,000. By the first of May it will not exceed 10,000. The writer adds: "Hundreds are leaving for California, and as many more for Minnesota and the West. Yet there are many hundreds who are too poor to emigrate anywhere. Such are now suffering from want, and must get away into our farming towns next month. They can not stay here. The Irish population are rapidly scattering."

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF APRIL 20.

The handful of water-proof mortals assembled in that "upper room," to enact the 20th of April session of the New York Conference, took sanctuary from a shower of rain that formed the point of exaceration to a twenty four hours perpetual drizzle, eminently qualified to house all mundane genius, and to call back the wandering fancy from aerial flights, and hold it spell-bound, to the discomforts of the time.

To add to our afflictions, the janitor, whether in the recklessness which despair and melancholy sometimes engender, or from the natural conclusion that all minor miseries would be so effectually swamped in the prevailing flood as to render us callous to the additional inconvenience of change, put us into a "strange garret," which those who have been obliged to take possession of for the first time, on a wet night, will appreciate as not well calculated to soothe the feelings and sharpen the imagination. Mr. Phenix was obliged to yield himself to the lively exercise of a fog-engendered tic-douloureux which twisted and writhed his benevolent frontispiece to the extent of preventing the escape of anything through it except groans. A heroic Canadian, on the loan of a mackintosh, volunteered to descend to *terra firma*, and fish the new arrivals from the accumulating waters, and bid them God-speed to this classic apartment, where the plaster features of our immortal Franklin *vis-a-vis* with the bust of a modern preparer of animal cuticle for the use of the votaries of St. Crispin, smiled blandly from their wooden marble pedestals on either side of the "speaker's chair," upon a dismal row of weather-beaten benches, which appeared under the illumination of two gas-burners, and the expiring efforts of a third, as if the proprietor might have recovered them under the ancient statues of Ptolema and Jetsam, from the debris of Noah's ark.

Our benevolently-disposed Canadian, having returned in triumph from the rescue of three bewildered fellow-creatures from the storm without and uncertainty within as to the exact *locale* of the Conference, proceeded at once, on the principle of general utility, to remove from the imitation marble pillars which flanked the rostrum, the illustrious plaster-of-Paris representations of intellectual benignity where-with they were crowned, and to place them with pious hands in two separate windows, with their venerable backs turned to the vulgar gaze. Whether he was prompted to this act by a spiritual impression that the placid features of the aforesaid plaster were a personal satire upon the hall they adorned, or whether it was considered in the light of a special mission which he had been sent here to fulfil, the reporter is not in a condition to state positively. He is disposed, however, to embrace the latter hypothesis, inasmuch as the author of the act gravely informed us that by direction of *Spirits* he was now en route for Paris, having left his home a little over thirteen months ago for that gay and worldly-minded capital, and by the blessing of a kind Providence had gotten thus far safely on his journey, when, after a brief tarry in our Gotham of one year and a day, he had received a second bulletin from the same source, directing him to return to the place of beginning, and take a new start, which, the mission of the busts being now happily concluded, it is to be presumed he will proceed forthwith to obey.

Be that as it may, this is certain, from the necessary relation between cause and effect, that the sombre atmosphere, weather-beaten conveniences, and reversed effigies, led inevitably through the "science of correspondence" to a colloquial discussion of some of the crabbedest, most dingy, and incomprehensible features of Jewish seership and experience. During this delectable search after Hebrew meanings, the rain poured and Mr. Phenix moaned. Finally, Doctor Orton appeared as a sort of Noah's dove, with an olive branch in his mouth, wreathed into an inquiry, as to whether the effect of yielding implicitly to Spirit dictation has been on the whole, good or bad.

Dr. GRAY said: A fruitful source of fallacy is where the prophet or medium undertakes to give a form to the inspiration, when he often unconsciously mingles his own speculations with it, to the perversion of its original intent and true meaning. He thinks the case of Abraham is an example of this mistake, and that the true spiritual presence in that case is seen in the physical interference with the self-imposed duty, which was leading to the commission of a sad tragedy.

Mr. BARNARD was of the opinion that Abraham was conscious of loving his son better than he loved God, and hence, that he must somehow get him out of the way. This psychological state naturally suggested the butcher knife, and the sacrifice by fire. The voice that spake to Abraham, bidding him to that act, came from out the cloud of Oriental custom, and not from beyond it. He agrees with Dr. Gray, that the true manifestation, originating from above the cloud, was that which stopped the human sacrifice.

Mr. SMITH desired to know whether God does not deal with all mankind individually, on the same principle that he is represented in Scripture to have dealt with Abraham, that is to say, does he not test the faithfulness of every man, not for his own glory, of course, but for man's good? Nobody volunteering to inform him how that matter really stood,

Dr. ORTON dropped his reportorial pencil, and arose to say, that he did not object to obedience to sudden impressions, such as sometimes arrest the attention by their self-mandatory character, and, as it were, impel us to obey; but what he refers to, is the too frequent practice of yielding to what is claimed, whether rightfully or otherwise, as a spirit-impression. He once had business relations with a medium very highly developed and untwisted in his own estimation, who never sneezed or

crossed the street but by direction of Spirits. Starting with him on one occasion for their place of business, after making more zig-zags than occur in the "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," he was obliged to abandon him to his fate, and proceed to the office alone, where he arrived at a late hour, spent with the day's exercise. Proceeding thus, after the similitude of Commodore Truncheon and his man Pipes, who beat up to the church under a head wind, where the bride expectant had been long and anxiously lamenting their unlucky detention by stress of weather, could not be practiced from day to day in the crowded thoroughfares of a populous city, without attracting a modicum of attention. Accordingly, one day a mutual friend, who was well aware of the assinine gravity with which this medium would obey an impression, seeing them to be ring down for the office under easy sail, concluded to change the Commodore's course by a heavenly revelation. Of a sudden, he parted company with his consort; and before the Doctor had time to finish the sentence which was upon his lips, he had a vision of a pair of legs and a long coat-tail vanishing amid the medley of vehicles which throng Broadway, whence they re-appeared on the opposite side of the street, at the imminent risk of their owner's neck, he having made the perilous passage under the firm conviction of having been summoned thither by the angel Gabriel, at least. He once held a serious conversation with two worthies of this class from Philadelphia, who had started on a mission around the world, *via* New Jersey, and by way of beginning rightly, had made a heaven-offering of all the money in their possession, to such odd fish in the Delaware as might be on hand to receive it, between the wharves at Philadelphia and Camden. He is happy to know that they finally obeyed an impression from him to return home and go to work where it is to be devoutly hoped they still remain. Another highly scientific gentleman of this school, has but recently returned from an arduous, impression-prompted travel, performed with a bottle of *lard oil* in his pocket, wherewith to anoint the faithful. His conclusion from the result of these and kindred endeavors is, that it is beneath the dignity of a man, either in a correspondent or literal sense, to be led by the ear.

Dr. GRAY said: The rule laid down by Isaiah—"For the living to the dead; to the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." What is this but the law, and the testimony of nature to the eternal verities of justice, mercy, and truth? If they speak not according to these, they are unworthy our attention. We who have learned through the facts of Modern Spiritualism, that impressions are from all sources, should make a rigid application of this rule.

Mr. BARNARD thought the way to secure right or truthful impressions is, to be right ourselves. This is why Christ was never led astray. But man, at the present day, is born wrong and lives wrong, and that is the reason why we mistranslate our impressions.

Mr. COLES said: Many are prone to think themselves inspired to do what they desire. He had heard an anecdote of Mr. Koons which illustrates it. A pair of impressionals once paid him a visit, who made sad havoc with his eggs and bacon, which he bore like a martyr for several days, when it occurred to him that it would not greatly increase the consumption of these edibles (inasmuch as they already devoured all they could get) if they should devote a portion of their spare time to the removal of a pile of logs, then lying a few rods distant from the dinner-table. On proposing the exercise, they complied with the suggestion and went to work, until suddenly arrested by a weightier impression than any log they had yet encountered, and which they were spiritually impelled to lay at once before Mr. Koons. It resulted in a drawn battle. Their guardian Spirits had impressed them, that muscular exercise was inimical to mediumistic development; whereupon Johnny King immediately drummed it into the noddle of brother Koons, that they could have no more of his eggs and bacon.

Mr. PARTRIDGE would make the utility measure of value everywhere. He thinks many make a trade of their impressions. He had been ordered to go here and there, but he meets all such commands with the demand—What use?

Dr. GRAY recited some interesting facts which occurred on Monday evening last, through Mr. Conklin, which must be omitted for want of room.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

PURPORTED SPIRIT-CORRESPONDENCE.

OSHKOSH, Wis., April 18, 1858.

MR. PARTRIDGE—Inclosed I forward to your address a perfect copy of a letter written by Thomas J. Carter, M. D., of this city, to a Spirit-sister. The letter was inclosed in two envelopes, and secured with wafer and wax, in addition to the usual mode of securing envelopes. The package was then taken by a friend into the State of Connecticut, and from there sent to J. V. Mansfield, 3 Winter-street, Boston. There were no directions given as to where or to whom the answer should be sent, if one were obtained. Strange to say, however, Mr. Carter received an answer a few days since, mailed at Boston, of which I also send you a copy. The package from Boston was opened at a sitting, in the presence of eight or ten persons, myself one of the number. The letter of Mr. Carter was returned in the package unopened. The wax, with Mr. Carter's private seal, was unbroken, and the wax and wafers had been used so freely by M. C. in making up his package, that the knife was necessary in getting it out. Mr. Carter, in writing to his sister, inquires after his little son Forister, three years old, who died thirteen years since. All the rest will be explained in reading the correspondence.

Very respectfully,

M. H. PHELPS.

OSHKOSH, Wis., February 20, 1858.

MY DEAR SISTER—I am yet in the land of the living and am anxious to communicate with you. I trust in God, and hope through his spir-

itual intercourse to communicate with you and others of my dear relatives in the Spirit-land. Will you be so kind and obliging to me, a poor mortal, as to answer these lines, and inform me of your state of being, your joys and your sorrows, and the prospects that surround you in your new home? Will you tell me whether you know anything of our dear mother and father, or the dear brothers who have left the form, and of their welfare? I wish to be informed of my dear boy Forister, and of his state; in what sphere he dwells, and if he is progressing? Oh, my dear sister, if there is a Spirit-communication through which I can be permitted to approach you, be assured I shall take great pleasure in improving it! I wish to shape my course so on earth that I may enjoy the society of the good and virtuous in that land of Spirits. My mind has been more anxious to learn of mother and Forister (my son), and yourself. I shall wait for an answer with great anxiety, and hope to be gratified soon.

I wish to know if the doctrine of spiritual intercourse with mortals is true or false? If I can be benefited by its influences and teachings? I trust mainly in obtaining an answer from you for guidance in this matter. I feel that soon I may be in that Spirit-land, and I wish to be guided aright, and finally enter the abode of the good; and wholly for this great end may I ever pray, and strive, and finally succeed.

I remain, as ever, your loving brother, THOMAS J. CARTER.

ANSWER THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

My Dear Father—You have called for auntie to communicate, but she is not able to control the source through which I come. She has made many trials to do so, but has failed in every instance; therefore I have undertaken to communicate, by way of responding to some of the questions noted in yours. You say you are yet in the bonds of a mortal existence, and hope for a communication from your dear departed. Well, dear father, I am happy to say we do come to you (I mean aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, and others, who were once dear to you while they remained in the flesh). We often try to impress you of our presence; some times we think we do, then we doubt whether or not we have. We have, dear father, no troubles, but all joy, in the Spirit-land. Oh! could you but know how happy we are, would you not desire to come and be with us? Yes, you would, dear father. You ask aunts to tell you about me—what my sphere is, and what I am doing. Dear papa, would you believe aunts? Yes, you would, were she to tell you all about me. Then I am sure you should credit what I say of myself. My sphere is five circles two. I am taught of others; what I know I impart to others; that is, the knowledge of Spirit-life as we receive it. This is the employment of all. Dear papa, you ask if the doctrine of spiritual intercourse with mortals is true? Yes, most emphatically so. Can it be, dear papa, that you have lived so long in the world, and not found out that before? I want you should in all your future life heed the impressions you have from day to day. Ask God to bless you, to show you what duty is, then do it, let come what will. Mortals, one and all, have a duty to God; that is, God demands thankfulness and gratitude, inasmuch as none could subsist for a moment were it not for his protecting power. Then, my dear father, try and be content while you sojourn on earth. By-and-by you will come to this my Spirit-home. Call on me often dear one, do, oh, do.

Your Spirit,

FORISTER.

TO THOMAS J. CARTER

SPIRIT HEALING IN MICHIGAN.

MENDON, MICH., April 8, 1858.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE:

Sir—It affords me much pleasure to inform you that Spiritualism in this part of the country is progressing, slowly, it is true, but surely, and a solid foundation is being laid for a more rapid progress hereafter. Last Sabbath I was at Mendon village to hear a spiritual sermon, by the Rev. H. Foster. His text was in Joshua vii: 12. Mr. F. is a confirmed Spiritualist, and did the subject justice. I understand that he has been retained for a year.

A few days since, I called on Mr. F.—t, an acquaintance of mine. Mrs. F.—t has been out of health for some time, and with all of the popular aid that could be procured, she still got no better. At last she was persuaded to send for Mr. V.—n, who was a healing medium, in hopes of obtaining relief. He has been to see her but two or three times, and has done her more good than all of the rest of the treatment that she has ever had. The Spirit in attendance is the Spirit of a French doctor. He can act on her like a charm (she being a partially developed medium); he gives her spiritual medicine; that is, he gives her medicine that he extracts from the air. She can not see it; she can only taste it. The day before I went there, she told me that the Spirit gave her some wine. She could not see it, but she could taste it perfectly plainly. It was as good wine as she ever drank. Soon after she drank it, she fell into a torpid state and sweat profusely, and a kind of dark bilious substance accompanied it, which had to be washed off. She then felt better, and is now gaining every day. She begins to look more natural, and feels better than she has in a great while.

Yours, etc.,

A. B. BALLOU.

SINGULAR CAVE—A cave decidedly novel in shape, has just been discovered in the town of Spring Hill, Johnson county, Kansas. It is almost perfectly cylindrical in form, being some seven feet in diameter, and eight or ten deep. Its walls are of lime stone, and the roof is covered by a smooth beautiful slab of the same material. There is a small passage leading from it, not yet explored, but which is supposed to communicate with other chambers. This singular cave seems to have been worn out of the solid rock by a stream of water. The entrance to it is through a small angular aperture, barely large enough to admit the body of a man. It is in the open prairie, upon an eminence commanding a view of the country for miles around. It is surrounded by one of the finest tracts of land in Kansas.—*Quindaro Chindean*.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

SPIRITUALISM PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

A LECTURE IN DODWORTH'S ACADEMY, BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.

NOTE.—The Doctor read Matthew, XI chapter, by way of introduction to his lecture, which chapter he would respectfully commend to the earnest attention of the reader, for the reason that it fully indorses the practical superiority of *THINGS over words* claimed by the lecture itself, and all because, being read in the light of modern Spiritualism, it will be found to contain certain jewels of great value, not heretofore discovered.

Our clerical friends and their followers do sometimes object, that the Spiritualist is a visionary; that all his desire for knowledge concerning the future life is but a vain curiosity, and is wholly barren of practical results. The objector says of himself, that he is religiously disposed to remain in his present ignorance of the facts of immortality until he enters upon their possession in person; that the light which shone in Judea in the olden time, has exhausted both the needful and the possible in the way of knowledge with respect to the higher life, and that the true concern of the Christian is with *this* world and its duties.

There are Spiritualists who make the same complaint of inutility on the part of certain of their brethren. These complain that nothing of earthly value is attempted on their part; that no plans for the amelioration of the existing evils of the present social condition are proposed, or put in requisition; that they are perpetually glorifying the A, B, C of Spiritualism, watching the motions of their household furniture, and talking about *mediumism* and the laws of *interpolation*, when they should be forming protective unions, or organizing industrial and social phalanxes, according to the tremendous axioms of "*sociology*," or pursuant to the directions of supernal wisdom, filtered through a teaching-medium, who is supposed to be thoroughly qualified to instruct, by reason of his being able to talk with his eyes shut. And yet those against whom this complaint is made, do suppose themselves to be somewhat practical. True, they plead guilty to the crime of laying great stress upon facts, and would generally prefer spiritual knocking to the majority of Sabbath day preaching. My object is to inquire where the truth lies in this matter of utility.

One thing is certain: a man can not navigate the Atlantic Ocean with a paper ship. His vessel must be as substantial as the elements with which she has to contend. Neither can he depend wholly upon his log-book and his dead reckoning; there must be sunshine and a polar star—something by which to test his calculations. He requires also a *fixed* object, whence to take his bearings at the commencement of his voyage, else his calculations may wholly mislead him. It will not do, when about to enter upon the trackless waters, to take his bearings and distance from *another ship*, though she carry the flag of a rear-admiral at the fore. A rocky cliff on *terra firma* is better adapted to his necessities.

Neither is the sea of opinion—the sea of human needs—the great ocean of mentality—to be explored in a paper bark. Its hidden currents, its surging waves, lashed into fury by the winds of conflicting doctrine, are fatal to mere paper vessels, however ingeniously framed or artistically decorated. He who ventures upon this sea, *also* requires a fixed starting-point. He can not take his bearings from a *treatise on navigation*, neither can he depend wholly upon his logarithms. He, too, requires an occasional glimpse of the sun by day, and a fixed star for his guidance by night. *Think of it*—a practical man venturing on such a voyage as this in a ship builded wholly of words—*written words*; her hull a *book*, coppered and copper-fastened with commentaries, and manned and officered by *expounders*!—a ship whose ribs are not live oak, but the lives and epistles of apostles and Christian fathers. *Think of it*—a man thus furnished forth, taking his bearings from *nowhere*, closing his eyes to the light of heaven, as a religious duty and genuine test of a good sailor, and firmly resolving to *avoid* the north star, and to shape his course by the *history* of it; and then consider how the word *practical* sounds as applied to him. We read of three wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a *boat*. Were they practical? Or, take that other solemn mortal who has found out by cudgeling his own brains, that there is no shore to the sea of human destiny and human thought—no granitic promontory whence to shape a course; that its islands are all *afloat* like himself; who sits enshrouded by the smoke of his own intellectual lamp, and by reason of his own inability to see beyond it, sagely concludes there is *nothing there*. Are we to set him down as a utilitarian?

Consider the goodly fleets belonging to every nation under

the sun, that have set sail in every age, and not a ship of them all come unbroken to land, thousands upon thousands lying at this moment at the bottom, and tens of thousands of them going there with the certainty of fate. Is this being practical? If so, what is speculation? Then, we have naval architects of a more modern and progressive type, who build them ships out of the white oak of pure science and the locust and cedar of positive philosophy—men who build *Leviathans* which never get themselves launched, and are men of science for that reason, and are practical philosophers in their own right, because they never make anything but theories. Well, we may admit the science, but their character as utilitarians would be all the clearer for more proof. The machinist who should construct an engine that did nothing but *burst* itself, and damage the shins of every unlucky wight who seeks to profit by its scientific advantages, could scarcely claim it as a proof of his practical skill.

Then we are blessed with two divisions of practical spiritualists. These build their ships of the same solid timber, and sail under the same flag, but steer different courses. Of these it may be said, that they agree in this: They profess a kindred love for Spiritualism, and a fraternal contempt for all that demonstrates it to the senses. The ladder whereon both ascend to immortality is builded wholly of *words*. Agreeing on these points, and also on this other, that the factarians are mere theorists, they take leave of their unity at this point, and firing a gun in the fog by way of signal to the fleet that they are going into action without waiting for day light, they proceed on their different courses. The one battles for a new *social order* on the earth, and the other for a new *church*. Both are to be established on the same broad basis, that is to say, upon words, with this difference, to be sure, that *sacred* words are to found the new church, and *scientific* words the new state. And this is held to be the true and practical idea of the conjugal relation to be established after the battle is over, between science and religion.

Far be it from me to impeach either the integrity of purpose or the utility of the objects sought to be secured by these industrials; but from what *fixed fact* in the realm of reality do they commence their reckoning? By what polar star do they steer for the new church and the new state they have set out to reach? By the *dead reckoning*, they would seem to have nearly reached their destination; but by the chronometer and quadrant they have been sailing in a circle. Their claim to progress and practicality consists mainly in conferring new names upon old errors, and in giving new forms to old mistakes; that is to say, whereas man limped *east* under the old dispensation, he limps *west* under the new. When you look sharply into the face of this New Church, you discover that it is the old one in a new bonnet. The same hard, dry features, the same step-mother air, the same befringed and fantastically embroidered knitting sheath and pin-cushion; yea, and the same *authoritative bark*, are there as of old, disguised under the thin coating of a few out-of-the-way phrases, and these not the offspring of their practical genius, but borrowed for the occasion (without leave) from Emanuel Swedenborg. When you examine the new state or proposed system of social order, it is found to be the old one *gone to seed*. It is machinery supplanting machinery—sin applying the principle of homœopathy to Satan—the old state with new rulers, only they are not to derive their authority, as in the present wicked way, from the people, but, as of old, from the Lord, through his seer, who is a seer because he has seen his own and his disciples' faces in a glass, and can shut his eyes and snuffla. And this botching of old cloths with new cloth, this pouring of new wine into dilapidated goat skins, is called doing something for God and humanity—being eminently progressive and practical.

I say again, far be it from me to undervalue the earnestness and sincerity of our practical friends, but would it not be well to look, either back or forward, whichever you will, of this *word* Spiritualism, and instead of sitting up o' nights to hate facts, try to understand them? The Baptist says to the Presbyterian, and both say to the Methodist, "Well, brother, it makes no difference by what road you reach heaven, provided you only get there," which might be true, perhaps, were heaven a cube, like the New Jerusalem, instead of a *state*, and it had not been discovered eighteen hundred years before they were born, that there was but one path that led into it—but one *door* through which humanity can enter. A man pays himself no

compliment when he says, with an air of triumph, it may be—I believe in *God and immortality*; it is not yet certain that he has really said anything, at least a parrot can be taught to say as much. The magnitude of the saying is determined by the why and the wherefore of it. Your God and your immortality, in name, and by solemn profession, have been the starting point whence every voyager on the sea of ethics has shaped his course; but on inquiry we learn that by God they understand a Divinity who is supposed to have presided over the temporal welfare of *three ancient Jews*, and no the God of and in the universe, at all—a God seated on a throne *somewhere*, and doing whatever pleases him until it *disspleases* him, and then doing something else. By immortality, we learn that they mean a miraculous resurrection of dry bones—*some time or other*. It is to turn out exceedingly felicitous to all who accept a certain plan or scheme, with a sure prospect of eternal calcination in a hot place, for those who do not accept it. Now, these head-lands whence they take their bearing and distance, are the same in *name* with those that exist on the *terra firma* of eternal fact, but only in name. The misfortune is, that no man can fix their latitude and longitude. They loom up to these voyagers like *mirage*, from the imperfect refraction of conflicting creeds and traditions in the lower strata of their imagination. They are illusions, and exist in the atmosphere and not on earth. As well might the skipper who leaves this port for Liverpool deliberately walk into his cabin, open his portfolio, and take his departure from a *pencil sketch* of Sandy Hook light, as for the thinker to shape a true course from these head-lands of the imagination. What wonder that the sea of ethical endeavor entombs the wrecks of so many gallant ships who run each other down in the dark? Consider the tempests of interrogatory perpetually sweeping across it. How do I know that God is, and that man survives the dissolution of his body? Both are asserted, and both denied. But words, whether of assertion or denial, can not stay the tempest of question which continually whistles through the cordage of that troubled bark—*what proof?* I require facts, not words. *Show* me the evidence, and I will state it to myself; or suppose I accept your word-evidence of immortality, among the conflicting words concerning it, how shall I discriminate the words to rely upon, with respect to my preparation for it? I am told that this life is designed for that especial purpose. In what way shall I employ it? How am I to know, for example, whether or not it is my duty to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, or to abstain from meat forty days in each year, and on every Friday in each week of the year? How am I to know whether or not, should I take a little bread and wine the *wrong way*, I might eat and drink eternal damnation? or but that I might sip everlasting bliss by taking it the right way? How am I to know whether or not the time-honored rite of circumcision should be practiced or neglected? Should I be baptized, or should I not? and if I should be, how? in a basin or in a brook? And when, in infancy or manhood? In short, shall I accept or reject as nonsense, that wonderful scheme, with all its variations, which Ecumenical Councils have concocted out of heathen mythology and the private opinions of Paul, and Peter and John? Good men and wise men have answered these and a host of similar questions both ways. What sayest thou, my practical friend, who makest the ladder by which thou reachest to the knowledge of immortality and religious duty, of words, and findest *authority* to be the central idea of the universe; what answerest thou to these questions. Canst thou say to this troubled ocean of six thousand years—"Peace, be still?" Will the storm raised by the old authority cease in the presence of the new? Will it not rather increase in violence and prove more and more disastrous? Is the *ancient* God-word to be ousted by a newer mandate? If so, let me see the sign-manual of the law-giver.

If time and universal failure be any proof, then may we say there is no power in word-authority to allay this storm; and if there be no help save in words, then must the clangor of battle, the everlasting clash and din of wordy war, the insane babble of theological disputation, still go on. Must not that be deemed the truly *practical*, which puts an end to it forever? Demonstration and authority, when tested side by side, will be found to lead to opposite results, of great practical consequence. According to *authority*, God, by authority, and in total disregard of law or established method, made the world and man. It teaches that both were spoken into being by an uttered word, and that man's immortality, like God's govern-

ment, is conditional and capricious. From this unfixed headland of arbitrary miracle, the captains of salvation set out to run their parallels of human duty, and to construct the traverse tables of religious rites and ceremonial observances. In determining these, they, of course, have nothing whatever to do with utility and natural law, because use and natural law have nothing to do with man's miraculous creation or salvation. According to that doctrine, he was created from the impulse of an idle moment, and his existence perpetuated, that his Creator might be infinitely serenaded. The non-appearance of these purely speculative entities—use and law—at either terminus of man's being, is the safe warrant for their dismissal from every other portion of it. Hence the thing to be determined is, not what is the use and the need, what is the good and the true, but *what sayeth the Lord?* If the Lord say kill me a calf, or rob me a henroost, it is paying man's debt of religious duty to comply without delay, and without an intellectual murmur, for use and reason have neither lot nor part with authority. Both his religion and his God are beyond or without respect to natural law, and his theology may be defined as *the ignorance of natural causes reduced to a system.* It tends to confusion, and that continually; its subjects are governed, after all, not by what God says, but by what the Popes say he says; it is, throughout, a government of hearsay and caprice, and the newest prophet carries it. At one period the God-voice is uttered through a Pope, and at another through a book. Aun, that falls into disrepute; when lo! it breaks out afresh through a speaking medium; but it has ever the same ring, and invariably indicates mischief.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTER FROM HON. N. P. TALLMADGE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 25, 1858.

In the Washington Evening Star of April 1, we find the following letter from Gov. Tallmadge, which we are happy to transfer to our columns:

A friend has sent me the *Star* of the 19th inst., containing the proceedings at the "St. Patrick's Anniversary Supper" in the city of Washington. Among other things, General James Shields, in reply to a complimentary toast, uses the following language, when speaking of the "peculiarities of the Irish race":

"They are not led aside by every new-fangled doctrine which becomes current. You never find an Irishman believing in Spiritualism; he does not take his seat at a table [A voice—unless there is good liquor on it] to watch for the Spirits to move it; unless, as my friend remarks, there is good liquor on it, and then he expects the "spirits" to move him. . . . Irishmen can not be humbugged by these humbuggeries of the day."

I confess I am utterly at a loss to account for this strange language on this patriotic and joyous festival, unless the honorable gentleman had himself been elevated to a spiritual sphere by imbibing freely of that "good liquor" of which he speaks with so much unction, until he could say with Caliban,

"I'll swear upon that bottle, the liquor is not earthly."

But badinage apart, a gentleman should always be a gentleman, even in his cups. It is, therefore, with deep regret and mortification, that I see the speaker, on this occasion, turning aside from the legitimate topics of his speech, and thus appealing to vulgar prejudice, and at the same time assailing the opinions and belief of some of the brightest intellects of the age. And when he tells us, "You never find an Irishman believing in Spiritualism," I can only say that, if he thinks so, he knows much less of the intelligent and educated portion of his countrymen than I do.

I have always been an ardent admirer of the Irish people and of the Irish character. During the course of a long life I have had no more faithful friends than those of the Irish population, and no one has labored more faithfully or sincerely to repay their support and kindness than I have done. And those of them who know me best, would be the last to join with the honorable gentleman in an attempted ridicule of Spiritualism—a subject which, from a thorough investigation, I profess to understand, and which, from his own confession, he knows nothing about. If he wished to set forth the "peculiarities of the Irish race," why did he not trace them as exemplified in the characteristics of Emmet, of Curran, of Grattan, and of that host of worthies whose gallant conduct and noble sentiments have adorned and gemmed the pages of Irish history from the days of St. Patrick to the present time? Why did he descend from the lofty and ennobling themes on which his illustrious countrymen were wont

to dwell, and "liquor" on topics which their proud spirits would utterly disdain? Why did he pass heedlessly by the intolerance and oppression under which Ireland has groaned and suffered, for opinion's sake, for centuries past, and exhibit in his own person the same intolerance for which the blood of his countrymen has freely flowed on the scaffold and the field? Why does he come here to ridicule and virtually subvert the religious tolerance of our free government, after having escaped from the intolerance of his own? Why does he set himself up, as Sir Oracle, against Spiritualism, of which he knows nothing, in opposition to the avowed opinions of some of the most eminent statesmen and divines, and the highest judicial functionaries of the country? If he were a low and vulgar demagogue, I could see a motive for this appeal to public prejudice, but far be it from me to place the honorable gentleman in that unenviable category; I estimate his public services too highly. And if he ever attains to that "bad eminence," it will be by his own act, and not by any act of mine. I knew him well before he entered upon his military career, and I admired his amiable qualities and gentlemanly deportment; I followed him through his campaigns in Mexico, and was proud to see the shamrock of the Emerald Isle entwined with the stars and stripes of the American Union. And when I saw him, amidst the battle's strife, fall "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," I mourned the sacrifice of a noble soul in the service of his adopted country. I rejoiced with the whole nation in his unexpected recovery; and I saw him with pleasure enter the Senate of the United States, as a slight reward for his gallant conduct and patriotic services. I did not expect to see him shine in this new sphere of action like those splendid luminaries that had gone before him, but I fondly hoped he would be surrounded by the light which still lingered on their path.

After this brief sketch of the Hon. gentleman's career, I can not but express my surprise, as I said in the beginning, at the indiscriminate assault upon the advocates of Spiritualism—men who have occupied positions as elevated, and whose talents, to say the least, would not suffer in comparison with his own. I can not even now account for this unexpected and unjustifiable onslaught, unless the honorable gentleman is still smarting under the just rebuke he received for his unfaithfulness a few years ago, in presenting to the Senate of the United States and referring the memorial of myself and thirteen thousand Spiritualists for a scientific investigation of this subject. My views of his course were given in the *National Intelligencer* at the time, and have been preserved for the benefit of the honorable gentleman and others, in my Appendix to "The Healing of the Nations"—a book that will never die—and where the honorable gentleman will remain the wonder and admiration of after ages. I had hoped that that brief controversy would have taught him prudence, and that he would have learned, as I have often said, that these "manifestations," the most extraordinary in the history of the world, are either spiritual or philosophical—and whether they be the one or the other, are equally entitled to the candid consideration of every intelligent mind. The attempt, therefore, to ridicule them, is evidence of a disordered intellect, and must recoil with tremendous effect upon him who assumes that unenviable attitude. Believing that the honorable gentleman had learned wisdom from experience, I was rejoiced to see him again returned to the Senate of the United States from the new and rising State of Minnesota. And I respectfully suggest to him that, when he takes his seat again in that honorable body, he move to take up the above-mentioned memorial which was laid on the table, with the assurance that he will there find honorable Senators as devoted Spiritualists as myself, and who will do ample justice in relation to any views he may think proper to present.

Before I close this communication, permit me to make another suggestion to the honorable gentleman, namely, that it is estimated there are from three to four millions of Spiritualists in the United States, and that their number is increasing in a geometrical ratio—that Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in other portions of the world—that the last number of the *Westminster Review*, in an article opposed to it, holds this significant language:

"Our readers would be surprised were we to lay before them the names of several of those who are unfeeling believers in it, or are devoting themselves to the study or reproduction of its marvels. Not only does it survive, but survives with all the charm, and all the stimulating attractiveness of a secret society. Until the public mind in England shall be prepared to receive it, or until the evidence can be put in a shape to enforce general conviction, the present policy is, of

nurse it in quiet and enlarge the circle of its influence by a system of noiseless extension. Whether this policy will be successful remains to be seen, but there can not be a doubt that, should ever the time arrive for a revival of the movement, the persons at its head would be men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem."

Politicians and statesmen in this country are beginning to look at this subject with intense interest. They know that the most exalted intellects, male and female, are earnestly engaged in the cause—that it is silently spreading in the highest classes, and amongst the very *elite* of society—and they look forward to its future development and advancement as an element which may control the destiny of this great country. Some of the most sagacious minds already foresee this. In a recent number of the *New York Her-ld*, in a shrewd and able article on this subject, its present position was presented, and its future foreshadowed, with a kind of Scotch second-sight. Spiritualism was proclaimed, as "*already a power in the land.*" And you may rest assured "when the wind is southerly," no man "knows a hawk from a hand-saw" better than James Gordon Bennett. Let the honorable gentleman look to 1860 for farther developments.

N. P. TALLMADGE.

THE DEPARTED.

Hark! the solemn notes of the bell, in yonder steeple, awake too painfully the sad voice which tells you that your friend will no more meet you in your daily walk—will no more gladden your expectant ear with the sound of his familiar voice. The fiat of the dread monarch of the shadowy realm has sent another exile forth from earth. Dead! silent and motionless, on yonder couch lies the form that, but a little time ago, stood by your side, elate with life and hope. Gone! forever hid, beneath the churchyard sod, is the face that you have loved. Up from the chamber of curiosity, rise the dread questions, "Whither have the waves of Time wafted his spirits?" And whence comes the answer! From the kindred soul of that which has gone home, the voice of Reason replies, "He who had power to raise from dust the body, had also power to return to earth its own. And He who from the fathomless depth of his own life, created the immortal soul, hath power to keep life yet in possession of its own. Can that which the Creator of all life created, cease to be? Is not the soul the life of the body? And can life die?"

Sometimes, when the quiet hour of twilight brings up the sacred days of the past from out the broad domains of Memory, and dark, gloomy doubts cast their shadows over our hearts, do we not feel the influence of some unseen power? Do we not feel that we are not alone? Does not the summer wind waft, sometimes, in those golden hours, notes of sweet music to our souls which are all unheard by our outer senses? Do not our souls, insensibly go forth and converse with unseen friends, in a language intelligible only to themselves?

Ah! our own souls, in their intuitive knowledge, tell us that our friends of the Spirit-world are ever around us, in joy and in sorrow, in darkness and light—in mirth and sadness. When night throws her veil of darkness over the earth; when the stars are peeping forth from the blue sky, they are with us. If we are in trouble they comfort us; if in sickness they calm us by their gentle influence. They glide softly into the prison, and the heart of the convict is glad in the sunshine of their presence. Where sin and suffering make known their baneful power, Spirits stand holy guardians to their victims. And when weariness and despair bow down the heart of the erring one, they draw very near to him, and tell him that Love and Purity can never die, that there is no spot on earth so dark, that the sunlight of God's Truth can not penetrate it.

When we miss them in their accustomed places, by the fireside and the table—when the familiar voice is hushed, and the friendly face lies beneath the green sod, we still hear them, still see them and know that they love us yet, as of old they loved; that they never will forget us. And we know that when our work is done, and we go home, we shall be as they are; and, unfettered by the shackles of human weakness, we too shall be permitted to go about doing good, and performing the holy mandates of our Father.

SABIT.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—There is a point in the following remark of an eminent minister, which we should be glad to have come of our noisy clergymen regard. The clergyman was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, but suddenly adopted a mild and dispassionate style. One of his brethren inquired what induced him to make a change? He was answered, "When I was young I thought it was thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more."



"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, VOL. VII.

With this number we introduce the seventh volume of this Spiritual Messenger. For the liberal patronage of our earth-friends and the many kindnesses of Spirits and mortals who have so freely and ably contributed their experience and reflections to these columns, we feel deeply grateful. By these and other tokens of public favor, we have been encouraged year by year to increase the size and the intellectual and practical interests and usefulness of this paper. Finding that very many of our patron-esteemed the TELEGRAPH worthy of preservation in bound form, we introduced, two years ago, its present size and convenient shape, but reserved the entire outside for advertisements, and other transient matter. It will be perceived by this number that we have dispensed with one of the heads, and appropriated the entire paper, excepting the last sheet, to the spiritual and intellectual culture and physical needs of mankind. The reading matter of this paper has been doubled since its commencement, without any increase of charge. We give much more matter than we can pecuniarily afford; but spiritually we are encouraged to rely confidently on the greater diligence of our constantly increasing patronage, for a wider circulation and usefulness.

We deem Spiritualism to be eminently practical, and we propose to employ this organ to contribute (so far as any paper can), to the spiritual, moral, intellectual, and physical needs of mankind. To this end it will be perceived that we have divided our space into several departments, under the following general heads:

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRICE CURRENT AND BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

It will be our constant endeavor to make a paper which no family or person properly filling their sphere, and interested in spiritual and intellectual culture, can well afford to be without. The TELEGRAPH will be anti-sectarian, and its columns will be open for every phase of earnest thought, respectfully expressed, on every subject of human interest.

We shall hereafter give more attention to the moving mental world, such as lectures, essays, debates, etc., and give a weekly summary of all the important news. In a word, we shall strive to keep our readers informed of all the important developments of the physical, spiritual and mental worlds, and if possible make the TELEGRAPH fully supply the demand of a newspaper in every department of human interest and progress.

True Spiritualism addresses itself to integral manhood, and administers to all his needs. It tends to neutralize the virus of superstitious dogmatism, by enlightening the understanding, and to set man in the center of the world of life, in conscious rapport with the divine heart-beats of the universe. It teaches man to look not to the dismal past for wisdom and guidance, but to comprehend the ever present—to face about and press forward toward the prize of his high calling, in the future unfoldings of God's universe. Spiritualism has done much already to emancipate man from stupid antecedents. The full fruit of its work, however, does not yet appear, and probably will not until man becomes more a man, and less the slave to popular errors. But the work goes steadily and boldly on, and its good and uses challenge the earnest endeavors of all who have been blessed with its holy influences.

Andrew Jackson Davis and Mary his wife have returned from their lecturing tour in the West, and taken up their residence again in this city.

SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

Occasionally a number of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, published monthly at Keighley, still reaches us, though from some cause it is not very regular in its visits. The last number we have received, and which did not arrive until a few days ago, is dated February 1st. It contains a learned and very interesting article (one of a series) on "Ancient and Modern Testimonies to Spiritualism," but very little information is found in this number respecting the present condition of the spiritualistic movement in Great Britain. Under the head of "Keighley Circles," however, it says that "the Christian Spiritualists continue their meetings as usual, on which occasions communications are received, and short addresses given." A correspondent, signing himself "K. M.," is busying himself with experiments with the *magic mirror* as a means of communicating with the Spirit-world, and promises the readers of the publication the results of his investigations in that line.

It is evident, that the plant Spiritualism is not destined to flourish very extensively in British soil for the present. That staid and sober old gentleman, John Bull, is not easily persuaded that any doctrines outside of the circle of his long-cherished thoughts are worthy of his attention; and even when such doctrines, by the potency of truth, force themselves upon his conviction, it takes him sometime to gather up his fat corporeity and move in obedience to their promptings; albeit when he does move, his neighbors are very apt to know it. It is owing to this characteristic of the English people that the established spiritual faith of former ages has in a great degree been conserved by them, and that they have not descended to those depths of materialism and unfaith which renders present tangible demonstration from the interior world so necessary to them as it is to some others.

In the absence of general local and passing news of Spiritualism, we must give the *British Spiritual Telegraph* the credit of bringing to light the following passage from Tertullian, indicating the existence of table-tipping among the ancient heathen Romans. The distinguished Montanist, inveighing against what he deemed the superstitions of the idolaters, asks the latter:

"Do not your magicians call ghosts and departed souls from the shades below, and by their infernal charms, represent an infinite number of delusions? And how do they perform all this, but by the assistance of evil angels and demons, by which they are able to make stools and tables prophesy."

FRANCE.

The thinkers among the French people, on the other hand, less wedded to the mental habits of the past, and more sensitive to innovative influences, have entered boldly the fields of new speculations and investigations, and from their constitutional tendencies to materialism and those philosophies whose bases consist alone in the observations of the senses, they have long since attained to that spiritual emptiness which naturally seeks to be filled by just such tangible facts as modern Spiritualism affords. We deem it no marvel, therefore, that spiritualistic investigations in France should be in a comparatively flourishing state, although, from an equally natural tendency, they seem to be falling, like many of our own people, into the fatal mistake (as we deem it) of supposing that they can rise from a material basis to the perception of spiritual truths by continuous degrees, rather than by discrete degrees and correspondences, in consequence of which supposition their philosophical speculations strongly savor of pantheism and a mere etheralized naturalism.

The *Journal du Magnetisme*, long ably conducted under the direction of that veteran magnetist, Baron Du Potet, and the more immediate editorial management of Z. Plerart, has for some time been openly committed to Spiritualism. This simple fact may be mentioned as a sufficient offset to the vague hypothesis of those non-investigators who imagine that the alleged facts of spiritual intercourse are nothing more nor less than some new forms of mesmeric phenomena as confined to the mundane sphere. The scientific world in this prying and skeptical age, does not present the example of a more careful and able investigator than Baron Du Potet. Nor can one be found who may be presumed to know better what there is, and what there is not, in the realm of mesmerism; and yet the Baron, while acknowledging, and demonstrating by practical experiments, that many of the phenomena claimed to be spiritual can be mesmerically produced, frankly admits that mesmerism in the sphere of mortals has an *ultima thule*, and is forced to acknowledge that all the more striking facts of Spiritualism stand outside of its domains.

That the *Journal du Magnetisme* may not be too much drawn from the sphere specially designated by its title, it has been determined by its editors, hereafter, to issue from the same office, twice a month, another Journal, of the same size and form, entitled *Revue Spiritualiste*, under the special direction of Z. Plerart, which will be mainly or exclusively devoted to the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. It will be recollected, from notices previously given in our columns, that a monthly journal was also established in Paris in January last, ably conducted by Mons. Allan Kardek, under the title of *Revue Spirite*, and which is still published.

The *Journal du Magnetisme* of March 25, and the first number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, are now before us, filled with interesting matter. We give the following translation of the *Journal du Magnetisme's* *recueil* of psychological and spiritual facts taken from the French periodical Press:

A CLAIRVOYANT PREDICTION FULFILLED.

"The *Estafette* of Feb. 2, contains a long article on somnambulism. It is therein related that a mother having consulted, concerning the health of her daughter, who was seriously ill, the somnambulist Alexis, the latter gave her a prescription which effected her cure, and that Alexis farther announced to her that she would be a long time separated from her daughter. That prediction was realized. The child was abducted; and after several years, it was by the indication of another clairvoyant that the mother had the happiness to find her lost daughter, and the latter event occurred precisely on the day fixed by the somnambulist."

PRETERNATURAL MOVEMENT OF PONDERABLE BODIES.

"The *Ami des Sciences* of January 31, contains an article extracted from the *Union Bourguignonne*, in which an account is given of extraordinary phenomena presented by a young girl of Chavigny en Vallière, named Marie Huart, exhibiting some analogy to Angelique Cottin. Clods of earth and stones detach themselves from the ground and are thrown toward her without any visible cause of the movement. Even bricks have left their place in the hearth, and have moved toward her. It is said that a stone of three kilogrammes (nearly three pounds) was thrown toward her with great violence."

KNOCKINGS, WITH INTELLIGENCE.

"The *Ami des Sciences* of the 29th of November last, contains a letter from M. Matthieu, an old pharmacist of the armies, who attests that he has met with mediums in whose presence raps are distinctly heard, without any appreciable physical cause; that the combination of the raps produced a conventional language, by means of which the persons present conversed with their mysterious author. M. Matthieu, who has published estimable writings on these mysterious phenomena, demands that they should be studied and verified."

"THE KEY OF LIFE."

"We read in the *Siecle* of February 3, a remarkable article by Mr. Jourdan, concerning a book entitled *Clef de la vie*, (Key of Life), which two men of letters have offered to the public as having been dictated by the Spirits through a person named Michael, a shepherd destitute of any instruction.

ANOTHER SPIRIT-BOOK.

"Several Journals have given accounts, or made mention, of a very singular book entitled '*Pneumatologie Positive et Experimentale*' (Positive and Experimental Pneumatology), by Baron Louis de Guldenstubbé. That author declares that he has obtained the writing directly and immediately from Spirits, and gives a *fac-simile* of it at the end of his book."

D. D. HUME.

From another paragraph in the article from which the above is translated, it appears that the amount of gossip that is flowing through the Parisian Journals concerning the "*grand thau-maturge Home*," as he is called, is not very small; and many anecdotes are told of dancing tables, of furniture traveling through the air from one room to another, of accordions giving forth the most ravishing music in his presence, of plates full of cakes and pastry being brought to him without visible hands, etc.

It would appear from facts like the foregoing, that public attention in Paris is being very extensively aroused to the current spiritual phenomena; and if Spiritualism once becomes origin of this book allies it to the works of the famous American seer Davis, whose only studies were those of six months in a primary school." (This book is highly spoken of by M. Jourdan.)

SPIRITS IN REVIVAL MEETINGS.

A correspondent from York Center, Illinois, informs us that at the Methodist revival meeting going on there, a Spirit-medium was influenced to address the meeting, but that the Spirit did not speak according to their creed, therefore they concluded there was no light in him, and attempted to drown his voice with singing, and finally to turn him out. But the Spirit did not seem disturbed by these maneuvers, and kept on. During this time the meeting adjourned, and the excessively pious went away, but many of the audience remained, hearkening unto the Spirit. The Church was much exasperated, and several days afterward caused the medium to be arrested and brought before the judges. Our informant says that although the church people swore very hard, and rather stretched the truth, the Court decided that there was no cause of action, and the medium was discharged.

Spirits are not merely idle lookers-on at these revivals. There have been many marked instances of their influences over individuals and congregations, but they do not all of them, as in the above case, seem to know or heed the fact that each sect must be revived, if at all, in the *creed*, and in adding *numbers to the church*, and not in knowledge and virtue. It is considered the wildest heresy to state anything in a revival meeting which is new and true; but they want what the creed allows to be spoken, to be repeated over and over again, until from weariness of much speaking, the people will assent to it. Spirits should learn the routine and the creed before they go to such places.

Tests in California.

A. G. E., of Napa, California, writes that with his letter he mailed a pamphlet, given by Spirit-dictation through his brother, which he submits for notice in our columns. The business matters submitted in his letter have been attended to; but the pamphlet has not come to hand. The following particulars, however, relating to the production of that pamphlet, and a test announcement concerning another matter, given through its medium, as related by our correspondent, will probably be interesting to spiritualistic inquirers:

Our correspondent says that the medium, who was his brother, generally fell asleep an hour before the time appointed for the lecture. When the hour for commencing the dictation arrived, "the front door bell would ring, the windows would shake, and the doors would fly open. In an instant all would be quiet and the lecture would commence." Subsequently, however, responses by the most violent movements of the table, would be given to questions asked concerning the lectures.

The test, relating to another matter, above referred to, we give in our correspondent's own language, as follows:

"We had suffered some anxiety in business, consequent on the dishonor of a note to a large amount, which we had indorsed for a person in Honolulu, which had considerably depressed us, when, one afternoon, as we were walking down the wharf, he (the medium) to go on the Sacramento steamer, we were suddenly stopped, and he said, 'Don't you see Dr. Fish?' I replied, 'I do not; but what does he want?' He appeared to converse with some one, and then said to me, 'The Doctor bids us be of good cheer; he says there is a vessel outside the Heads, with good news for us from Honolulu.' I asked the name of the vessel. He replied, 'The Archibald Gracie; and there is also an English frigate.' The steamer's bell was ringing, and I had to bid my brother farewell, promising to write him the result. That night both vessels came in, and next day I got a letter to say that our responsibility was relieved, sufficient property having been given to secure the debt. I have had numberless tests of the kind."

Beeson's "Plea for the Indians."

A new edition of this large pamphlet (144 pages) has just been issued, and is for sale at this office, (price 25 cents; postage, 6 cents.) It includes a record of facts and features of the late war with the Indians in Oregon, as personally observed and otherwise ascertained by the author. Some alterations and corrections have been made in this edition, from the previous one.

THE PRESS.—We are grateful for the many kind notices of our contemporaries, and have been much edified personally with the perusal of our exchanges; but from the nature of our enterprise, it will be perceived that the secular and religious papers are of little service to us beyond the quotations and other notices they please to make of the TELEGRAPH and of Spiritualism. We shall cheerfully exchange for the volume with papers which favor us with a notice.

Those of our subscribers to whom this number of our paper appears with this paragraph marked with pencil, will please receive it as a notice that the time for which they subscribed and paid for the TELEGRAPH, has expired. As this number commences a new volume, we hope that each of our old patrons will not only remit us the cash for another year, but will do what they conveniently can to add new readers to our list.

THE TRIBUNE CHALLENGED.

We are happy to lay before the public the following open, bold and fair proposition to put the relative intellectual acumen of the *Tribune* and Mrs. Hatch, or the Spirits, to the test, before the public and a competent committee. Doubtless our contemporary will meet the challenge with heroic gallantry. We trust they will take the vantage ground, that is, prepare to fire. We wait the issue with no little interest. We are informed the challenge was sent to the *Tribune* to be published, and was declined; and we copy it from the *Evening Post*:

DR. HATCH TO THE TRIBUNE.

The following challenge to the *Tribune* is from the husband of Mrs. Hatch:

"In your brief review in the *Tribune* of a volume of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's Discourses, recently published, you make use of expressions which I, in connection with a large number of others, believe were penned in a cowardly spirit—that you withheld your actual conviction for fear that you would not be on the popular side, and published such a review as you deemed most suited to the prejudices of a majority of your readers. You speak of her Discourses in the following manner: 'A few passages are not without a certain dream-like beauty, but, as a rule, the style is feeble and lymphatic. It lacks the ruddy glow of life, and savors of a sphere of specters and hobgoblins.'"

I wish to put the sincerity of your statement to the test; and, therefore, will give you an opportunity of measuring your mental capacity with hers before a public audience in New York; and offer you any advantage you may desire. You may have a week, or longer, to prepare yourself upon any subject involving fundamental principles, which you may select, which subject shall not be announced to Mrs. Hatch until she goes before the audience. Thus making it a studied effort, on your part, and impromptu on hers, and you may bring to your aid any one of the best intellects connected with the *Tribune*.

We will mutually agree upon a committee of acknowledged ability to decide how far short her "dream-like, feeble, and lymphatic style, and her specter and hobgoblin logic" is of your profound erudition.

If you dare not accept this invitation, then come boldly forth, as a man should do, and acknowledge the falsity of a statement which you have not the ability to defend, and not take the advantage of one of the most popular journals to suppress truth and screen yourself behind public prejudice.

Yours respectfully, B. F. HATCH, M. D.

"The Spiritualist Register."

The *Spiritualist Register* for the year commencing in May, 1858, has just been issued by U. Clark, Auburn, N. Y. It presents statistics, facts, rules for forming circles, and other matters in which Spiritualists are presumed to be interested. The statistical table showing the approximate number of Spiritualists in the United States, foots up at a total of 1,037,500; while the number now living who are inclined to Spiritualism is supposed to be 5,000,000. These estimates, we think, are moderate enough; and if under the head of Spiritualists we were to include all who believe in some sort of existing, sensible intercommunication with invisible intelligences, good or bad, the above figures would have to be increased many millions. The *Register* is a pamphlet of 36 small pages, single copies of which are sold for 10 cents.

Discussion of Spiritualism.

An Oral Discussion of Spiritualism. By S. B. Brittan & D. D. Hanson. S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones-street. For sale at this office, price 38 cents; postage 10 cents.

We can do little more than announce the reception of this neat and elegant pamphlet of 145 pages, which did not come to hand until we were nearly ready to go to press. The discussion was the occasion of much public excitement at Hartford, where it occurred, and the name of Mr. Brittan as one of the disputants, as well as the intrinsic merits of the work, will doubtless secure for it a wide circulation.

Note from Dr. Wellington.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE:

As my name has from time to time appeared in your columns, and I am known to have much sympathy with most of your readers, I feel justified in calling their attention to the advertisement of a new school which I shall open May 10. I invite the interest and sympathy of the friends of progress in the plan as unfolded in the essay I have published, and in the prospectus, which will be furnished to all who apply.

I can assure those who have seen their children's health fail under the usual discipline of schools, that we will not only prevent decline, but restore the weak, and at the same time secure even better mental discipline. Jamestown is on Chautauque Lake, exactly south of Dunkirk, and for any purpose the location is one of the most healthy and salubrious.

I would gladly have furnished you a communication giving an account of my recent tour, and my observations of the progress of Spiritualism, as you requested, but the demands on my time which are made by this new movement render it impossible for the present.

O. H. WELLINGTON.

"Record of Spiritual Investigations."

Under this head we commence this week the publication of a lengthy article from a distinguished gentleman in Canada, in the form of a letter to Professor Gregory. We regret that we are compelled to divide it into about three parts.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOLUME VII., COMMENCING MAY 1, 1858.

Careful investigation and innumerable demonstrative facts have fixed the firm conviction upon the minds of hundreds of thousands in this country and throughout Christendom, that immortal Spirits are now in various ways, sensibly communicating with mankind, exerting their influence in the healing of diseases, in consoling the afflicted, and in the general rectification of human disorders. If this is so, then every person should not only know the fact, but should also be informed of the means and conditions by which this celestial communion can be secured with the greatest facility and in the greatest purity. Personal convictions in reference to this important subject, can best be attained by experience in the Phenomenal and Impressional Manifestations from the Spirit-world, and by carefully analyzing, sifting, and weighing the honest testimony of others. It was for the purpose of embodying the facts and philosophy, and facilitating general investigation, on this subject, that the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* was introduced to the public in 1852; and in its pages the earnest seeker has always found, and may still find, an abundance of facts furnished from every phase and standpoint of the investigation, and developed in all parts of the country, and from which every necessary index and aid to a final solution of the great problem involved may be derived.

In each number of this weekly Paper will be found well attested spiritual facts and communications and pungent essays, by experienced contributors, upon the most prominent and important points suggested by the phenomena, together with reports of public meetings, the movements of Lecturers, and other matters pertaining to the dissemination of Spiritual Truth.

On all the prominent and exciting topics of the day, especially such as relate to social and religious reform, the *TELEGRAPH* will speak earnestly from the standpoint of reason, conscience, experience, justice, and a settled conviction of the spiritual demands of the age.

In addition to this abundance of spiritual matter, the *TELEGRAPH* will contain a synopsis of all the interesting news of the week, condensed and arranged by careful and competent persons. We shall also insert such brief but comprehensive items of useful and entertaining knowledge as we may be able to extract from the multitudinous variety of our large exchange list. It will also contain a Price Current of the market for all kinds of produce, and a report of receipts and sale of all merchandise consigned to us, and of money received and remitted. These features make our Paper an invaluable family visitor to the farmer, manufacturer and merchant, instructing and interesting to the skeptic as well as the believer in Spiritualism, to the wife as well as the husband, the child as well as the parent; to the physician, the teacher, the preacher, the reformer, the Church, and humanity generally.

The columns of the *TELEGRAPH* have ever been free to all persons who had an earnest word for truth and human progress to utter, whether in consonance with the thought of its immediate conductors, or otherwise. We submit it, therefore, as a Paper which must be desirable to all persons who are sufficiently tolerant to allow those who differ from them in opinions, to speak, and to all such as are willing that Truth should be disseminated and prevail.

The independent and tolerant course of the *TELEGRAPH* has secured for it a list of correspondents which, as to the numbers and the mental power which it represents, will not suffer by a comparison with that of any other weekly publication in our country.

As this is the oldest and largest Spiritualist paper now published, and being issued from the very heart of the principal city in the Union, our facilities must be allowed to be unrivaled for keeping our readers carefully apprised of the true state of the constantly advancing principles connected with the Spiritual Unfolding.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

New York Tribune says: "We must give it (the *TELEGRAPH*) at least this praise—that it seems to us the best periodical of its school, and in candor and temper a model which many of the organs of our various religious denominations might copy with profit."

Mount Joy Herald: "It is devoted to Spiritualism, earnest, straightforward in its course, open for free discussion, and neither sectarian nor bigoted."

Syracuse Republican: "The *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* is always candid, impartial and able."

Herald and Era: "The *TELEGRAPH* is one of the oldest and among the best, and no doubt it will be well sustained."

Belvidere Standard: "Mr. Partridge is widely known as a man of honest and liberal sentiments, and although he gives his means toward the dissemination of Spiritualism, it does not follow that he is speculating on the credulity of deluded people, as certain persons are wont to believe. For the exposition of this subject, the *TELEGRAPH* has no superior."

Daily Gazette and Comet: "It is mainly devoted to the illustration of spiritual intercourse, though entitled to a high place as a literary and scientific journal."

Ottawa Republican: "Those who feel an interest in knowing what developments the Spiritualists are making in different parts of the country, will find the *TELEGRAPH* much ahead of the common run of that class of papers."

Jefferson Union: "The *TELEGRAPH*, under its present management, is ably conducted, discusses and examines the various phenomena of the new doctrine, with great candor and marked ability."

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Any information our contemporaries of the Press may give their readers respecting our endeavors, will not only entitle them to an exchange, but, with all others of our friends who may exert themselves to increase our circulation and usefulness, they will be gratefully remembered.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, Editor and Proprietor.

RECORD OF SPIRITUAL INVESTIGATIONS.

BELLEVILLE, U. CANADA, December 2, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Sir—On the 22d of June, 1857, I addressed the following letter to Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, Scotland, but up to the present moment have not received in reply, even a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter. I carefully posted and postpaid the packet, and I can therefore hardly doubt that it reached its destination. Still, though personally unknown to Dr. Gregory, I can not bring myself to believe that he could be wanting in the common courtesy usually observed in such matters. I therefore conclude that my communication must have been mislaid or overlooked by him, in the midst of other matters of a more pressing, if not more interesting, nature. Attracted by the noble and truly philosophical candor of his character, I was desirous of furnishing him with a simple, unvarnished statement of my experience in "Spiritualism," with my own observations on the subject. I am well aware of the very limited opportunities I have enjoyed in British America of witnessing many of the higher and more startling manifestations of "Spirit-power," but I thought that a communication, coming from one who had been but little "mixed up" with Spiritualists, might have had a good effect in drawing attention to the subject.

In order to give a full account of my experience in Spiritualism generally with media but imperfectly developed, it is necessary that I should go into a few details, which I trust you and your readers will not consider altogether unimportant, if they tend in any degree to place the manifestation in a true light. I do not hold myself in any degree responsible for the incongruities and contradictions that occasionally manifest themselves in spiritual communications, still less for what may be called *false* communications. I give them just as I received them, and when in any of them opinions are given on certain commonly received religious dogmas or doctrines, I leave the reader to take the same course as I do myself—to accept or reject the statements of the Spirits, in accordance with the dictates of his own judgment. As no being, be he "Spirit" or man in this world, is perfect, so the gradations from man in his highest developments in this world up to the great Creator himself, must be infinite. Therefore, none but God himself is infallible.

In the following copy of my letter to Professor Gregory, I have omitted many details which would not possess any particular novelty in this continent:

LETTER TO PROFESSOR GREGORY.

BELLEVILLE, U. CANADA, June 22, 1857.

Dear Sir—My only motive for venturing to address you, is the deeply-engrossing interest attached to the subject of this communication:—the Modern Spiritual Manifestations. I can well remember the time when the subjects of "Animal Magnetism," "Mesmerism," and "Clairvoyance," to say nothing of "Phrenology," were held in unmitigated contempt by all who had any pretensions to science. These days have gone by; and it now begins to be perceived that, strange as these things are, they are not the less true—because with our limited capacities, we are unable to comprehend them. There is obviously a point, to which human reason, in tracing back the chain of causes of natural phenomena, can reach, and no farther. Our knowledge may be compared to a beautiful structure. We can describe every part of the superstructure, but we can tell but little of our solid foundation upon which the whole edifice rests. Every science must have a solid foundation of this kind, and it is worse than useless to quote great names and scientific theories against what the common sense of mankind, founded on the evidence of the senses, is compelled to recognize as facts. A number of these facts I propose to submit to you in this letter; and not professing to possess more than a very limited amount of scientific knowledge, I am anxious to communicate the fruits of my own limited experience, in order to contribute in some degree to the formation of a rational and intelligible theory of the manifestations.

Though the facts given by you in your letters on "Animal Magnetism," may, very possibly, weaken the position I have been compelled to take, as to the origin of the spiritual manifestations, I must candidly admit, the strong analogy that is observable between the two sets of facts; and I can not help thinking that this similarity is attributable to a common origin. When we first heard of the "Fox Girls," and the "Rochester Knockings" in 1848, the thing appeared so utterly ridiculous

and puerile, that I only looked upon it as a money-making scheme. Afterward, however, I heard accounts from several intelligent persons who had visited the "Fox Family," which induced me to modify my first opinion; as I could not believe that any such skillful mechanical contrivances could be devised by inexperienced girls, or rather, children, as any imposture of this kind would require. Even admitting the mechanical skill, where or how they could obtain the extraordinary "intelligence" on matters only known to their visitors themselves, or to the Spirits with whom they profess to communicate? Taking a wide view of these mysterious sciences, it seems to me that a kind of gradual development and progression is observable in them all, and that they are all linked in a manner together. Thus the discovery of the properties of the magnet has naturally led to "animal magnetism" or "clairvoyance," and "clairvoyance" to "Spiritualism." A few years ago, Professor Faraday's explanation of "table-turning" satisfied the minds of most people, particularly of those who are influenced by great names, without taking the trouble to reason or investigate for themselves. Having seen something of "table-turning," my first impression was, that it was a delusion produced by the involuntary action of the mind and muscles together, as supposed by Professor Faraday; but still I could not think his experiments conclusive; and therefore, Mrs. M. and I set to work to endeavor to turn a little round table at our own house. At last it began to turn, *almost invariably with the sun*. At this time I could not perceive that I exercised any power in the matter, as I found that it moved under her hands after mine were removed. But what convinced me that there was no self-deception or "volition" in producing the motion was, that I observed that on some occasions the table would *not* move under her hands, though she was naturally anxious to get it to move. By degrees, however, her power increased, so that she could move it with one hand, or even with one finger placed in the center. One evening a neighbor, Mr. T—, a civil engineer employed on the Grand Trunk Railway, spent the evening with us. After seeing the little round table turning about all over the floor, he proposed to test the power by sitting on the table. In this position he was turned round several times by Mrs. M. Afterward I got on the table and was turned round with equal freedom, though my weight is about two hundred pounds. Mrs. M. merely touched the table with the points of her fingers. This little experiment fully satisfied me that there was something more in "table-turning" than merely the involuntary action of the muscles. There is now nothing new in this part of the subject and I merely allude to "table-turning" as an introductory process which led me to investigate farther.

I now come to what I will call Spiritualism Proper. I am glad to find that you take a generous view of the character of the "media." Of course, in Spiritualism, as in religion, we may expect to meet with hypocrites and impostors, but it is equally absurd and uncharitable to suppose that such a numerous body of individuals would join in a continuous attempt to impose upon mankind, with nothing to gain, and often a great deal to lose, by such imposture. I have seen many, mostly unprofessional ones, and in only one instance have I detected imposture. Even in the instance referred to, I have great reason to believe that the trick practiced arose out of a failure to procure the genuine "raps." From the observations I have made on this subject, I have long been fully satisfied that the *will* of the "medium" has nothing whatever to do with the manifestations, whether physical or mental. Before going into this part of the subject, I should premise that I was quite skeptical to say the least; and that it was only after long and close observation, that I began to believe in their spiritual origin.

As I proceed with my narrative, I will state the means I adopted to satisfy my doubts. About three years ago I met the mayor of the town in the street, and knowing my curiosity on the subject of Spiritualism, he stopped me to say that his wife, Mrs. D., had become developed as a "tipping medium," and had received several communications through the alphabet from her father, and he invited me to his house, that I might be able to judge for myself. Mrs. D. is a very intelligent and sincere woman, and having been intimately acquainted with her for seventeen or eighteen years, I knew her to be incapable of deception of any kind.

On my first visit to Mrs. D., after her husband's invitation, sitting round a light work-table with Mrs. D., her husband and one of her daughters, hoping to obtain a communication from my

father's Spirit, the table began to tip, or rise, on the side opposite the medium, as a signal that Spirits were present, and wished to communicate with us. I took the alphabet, and pointing with my finger to the letters in succession, the table tipped at the letters J. A. Of course I expected that my father's name—"James"—was coming. But the table would not rise at the letter M., though Mrs. D. was also anxious that the desired name might be given. I went back to the beginning of the alphabet, when my eldest sister's maiden name, Janet D. M., was spelled out. Her name was quite unknown to Mrs. D., who knew nothing of my family. I then asked aloud, "When did you die?" but I got no answer until I wrote down a number of different years on a piece of paper, and on pointing to each of them in succession, the table tipped at 1855, which I afterward found to be correct, as I did not remember the exact year of her death. I then asked, "Of what disease did you die?" "Consumption," was the answer. "Did you die before or after your sister?" "After." All these answers were perfectly correct, and I took every precaution to avoid anything like suggesting or assisting the process. I had nothing more from my sister on that occasion, but several short communications were spelled out from deceased relatives of Mrs. D.'s, chiefly of a religious or moral character.

On another occasion, while Mrs. D., her husband, a chancery lawyer from Toronto, and Mrs. D.'s daughter "Nelly," a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, and I, were sitting round the table, Mrs. D. found fault with Nelly for sitting at the table in a manner which might excite suspicion. Immediately the table began to rock violently. I took the alphabet, when the following words were spelled out, "You are too suspicious." Mrs. D. had been communicating with her father, and she inquired, "What does my father mean?" "Of Nelly." "Why, are we suspicious of Nelly?" "Because you think Nelly makes the raps." Whenever the table began to rise and strike the floor with two legs, Mrs. D. could at once tell by the strength or energy of the raps whether the communication was coming from a strong or weak man, a woman, or a child. When my father desired to communicate with me, she at once said: "Your father must have been a large and strong man," which was true.

One evening my friend Mr. T., already mentioned, accompanied me to Mrs. D.'s house, when, as a test, he said he would ask a mental question, and requested any Spirit present to give a certain number he wanted, by so many tipplings of the table. Thirty-six raps were immediately given, which we all counted separately, and agreed in the number. Mr. T., after making a slight calculation with his pencil, told us the number was quite correct. As he and I were returning home together, he told me what his question had been—"how many years is it since my father left England for the United States?"

In the summer of 1855, Kate Fox, one of the mediums in the "Rochester knockings," came to Belleville with her mother, on a visit to a relative in the town. The Fox family, before they removed to the United States, lived on a farm in the county of Prince Edward, a few miles from Belleville. Since 1848, leaving the neighborhood of Rochester, they removed to New York. I was glad to have an opportunity of testing the manifestations in a situation where there could be no possible facilities for mechanical contrivance or deception of any kind. I found Kate a simple, artless girl, with an intelligent and ingenuous expression of countenance, and elegant and refined in her manners. I called on her several times at the house where she was residing in Belleville. I had a ring which belonged to my father. It was a mourning ring for my grandmother, and the name "Henrietta M., of M., ob. 6 September, 1806," was engraved on it. Having entirely forgotten the dates, not having looked at the ring for several years, I placed it on my finger without looking at the inscription. Having often heard it asserted that nothing is ever communicated by the Spirits but what is already known to the inquirer, I asked Kate if she could tell me the name inscribed on the ring? She said she could not, but if I would write any number of names on a piece of paper, at a side table, so that she could not see it, the Spirit, if present, would knock on the table when I pointed to it. I did as directed, and three knocks came on the table when I pointed to the name. In the same manner, the month and year of her death were given correctly. The sounds on the table were such as to preclude any probability of their being produced by mechanical means. They sounded almost exactly like knocks produced by human knuckles. I looked be-

low the table, but could discover no possible means of producing the sounds. In order to satisfy me still further on this point, Kate opened the room door, and on gently touching one of the panels with the points of her fingers, loud and distinct knocks came all around and near her hand. I held my ear to the door and distinctly felt the vibration. She then took me out into the street, in front of the house, where the sidewalk was formed of large limestone flags, and the knocks came under and near our feet, like taps of a hammer on the stone, the sounds invariably corresponding with the nature of the substance on which they were produced.

I did not pursue my investigations further at this time, but invited Mrs. Fox and her daughter to spend the evening at my house. After tea, we seated ourselves round a large center-table in the drawing-room, with a large lamp standing on it. Our party consisted of Mrs. Fox and her daughter, Mr. T., a medical student, and also a stranger to the Fox family, Mrs. M., and myself. The mediums inquired if any Spirits were present who would communicate with us, and she began to call the letters of the alphabet. Three raps came on the top of the table at the letters J A M E S M., and two other letters of my father's surname, and the following communication was spelled out letter by letter:

"I have much to say to you. It is joy for me to speak with you through a medium. I wish you to investigate this subject, and I will convince you beyond a doubt. Do not let your mind be influenced by idle and thoughtless words, but investigate for yourself, and your Spirit friend will all gather in groups around you and aid you in your efforts. I still hover over you, my dear son, and protect you from evil."
"JAMES"

Next came a communication to Mrs. M., from her father, which, with the accompanying remarks, I copy from a memorandum of these communications I made at the time—8th Sept., 1855:

THOMAS M.—Dear Child: I am still living; I take an interest in your welfare, and weave your heart with many bright dreams. You must not doubt my presence. There are many beautiful truths in this subject, which can not fail to find a echo in your mind. The time will soon come when you can hold converse with us alone."

At the word "us" a shower of raps, like those of large and small pebbles came all over the table. Now the table itself was lifted and shaken with some violence first at one corner then at the others, in succession, and turned partly round each time. During these movements the large lamp, with a glass shade, was burning in the center of the table; but it never moved from the spot, as if it were held fast by some invisible power. Otherwise, it must have been overturned. Mrs. M. then asked the Spirit of her father the following questions, which were all correctly answered. "When were you born?" "8th December." "When did you die?" "18th May, 1818." "Your age?" "Fifty-eight." "Of what disease did you die?" "Gout in the stomach." "Where did you die?" "At Norwich, England."

At Kate Fox's request, Mrs. M. wrote down a number of names of dead and living persons intermixed, at a side table where she could not see them, and on pointing to them we heard five raps for the dead, and three for the living. We tried the experiment again and again, and the raps were given correctly each time. Among the names of the dead, she wrote that of Anna Laura H., the daughter of the editor of a London magazine, to whom she was much attached, and with whom she made an agreement, that whichever of the friends should die first, would appear to the other, if permitted. Mrs. M. wrote on a slip of paper, "Why did you not keep your promise?" "I often endeavored to make my presence known to you," was instantly spelled out by the alphabet. "In order to convince me that you are really the Spirit of my friend, spell out your name by the alphabet." "Anna Laura" was instantly spelled out. I had an Irish servant, who was expecting his wife and children out from Ireland, and as Kate Fox was standing on the floor, he asked the Spirits how many weeks it would be before his family would reach Belleville? Six raps were immediately given on the floor, three or four feet from where we were standing. Six weeks from that night the wife and family did arrive in Belleville. In the same manner he was told how many of his children were dead and how many living. At this the old man was fairly frightened, and telling Kate, in a tone of mingled fear and respect, "You're a witch, ma'am," took himself off in double quick time.

After the departure of Mrs. Fox and her daughter, I followed up my investigations at Mrs. D.'s, where I received several remarkable communications, a number of them indeed absolutely and uselessly false, but still exhibiting extraordinary intelligence

and knowledge of matters only known to myself. What the motives of these false Spirits could be, I can not conjecture, as the falsity of several of them could be detected in a few hours or days. I am fully satisfied, however, that neither my mind nor that of Mrs. D. had anything to do with them, for often when we desired a communication from some particular Spirit, one would be spelled out from some Spirit neither of us had thought of. I will just give one other example of this fact, where the name of my wife's sister, a lady well known in the literary world, and still living, was spelled out by the alphabet, under circumstances which rendered it highly improbable that our minds at the time had influenced the communication, unless the Spirit had read my mind, as the medium, Mrs. D., knew nothing of the facts so obscurely hinted.

October 23, 1854. The table began to rock, and the following words were spelled out when we requested the Spirit, as usual, to spell its name: "Do not ask my name; you are not prepared to hear it." Mrs. D. asked if we would be alarmed? "Yes." My mind instantly suggested the name of a very dear daughter at Toronto, who was near her confinement at the time, and I asked, Is your name Agnes? "Yes." I then thought of my wife's sister in England, and I asked, Is your name Agnes S.? "Yes." Where did you die? "Do not ask." Did you die in Scotland? No answer. In England? "Yes." At R—? "Yes. Do not be alarmed at my appearance here, although you may be indeed surprised to hear from Agnes S. Dear brother, did I not love you all better than you gave me credit for? Every cause I gave Susan (as my wife was generally called by her sister in England) for reasons" (here there was some confusion in the communication, as if some words had been omitted) . . . "after I had put all my works into print. . . but I hope Susanna will forgive me."

(To be Continued.)

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

A SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE BY DR. E. H. CHAPIN.

On the evening of the 14th of April, Mozart Hall was filled with the more intelligent of our citizens, to listen to the eloquently earnest Dr. Chapin. He said his subject led him to consider whether woman is potentially what she ought to be. The relation between man and woman is the most beautiful expression of the great law of nature. Woman is simply the equal of man—nothing more, nothing less. We have no right to determine what is woman's sphere by any arbitrary prejudices. I can not recognize any such fact as man's rights or woman's rights; I only recognize human rights. Woman's right is the right of her humanity, and hence she ought to be man's equal—equal before the world before the law, as she is before God. What we want is some way of deliverance for woman from being a mere slave, and something more substantial than those accommodations which make her a mere gigolo. Woman ought to be rendered less dependent upon man. Our present state of society too often so trains her as to make marriage an absolute necessity. I am glad if there is some advance in this respect. I am glad if women and clergymen are regarded as something else than respectable panderers. Woman can become what she should be, and do what she should do, only by a genuine education. I can not see why there should be a very sharp discrimination between the education of boys and girls. If a certain kind of learning will develop the intellect of the boy, why not of the girl? You may say woman can not be a Newton or a Shakespeare. Well, if she can't she won't, and so, where's the harm? Why should a woman with a liberal education be less fitted for the duties of a wife or mother? If in the cultivated mind there is a reserved force for emergencies, why should woman be deprived of that blessed skill that unlocks the treasures of truth and opens communion with the distant and the dead? Women have a right to a proper culture, not as woman's rights, but as human rights; as man's equal and companion, she requires a training which will develop every human faculty. The true way to find the sphere of anything is to educate it to its highest capacity. A genuine culture will produce nothing that will overrun its divinely-appointed limits. Woman's work will follow spontaneously from woman's nature, and will accord with the qualities of her being. Woman's truest work is of home, and its sanctities. In this sphere I claim for her a large and liberal culture. It is of no consequence who is to discharge these offices—who is to teach and train the life, the heart of the future man? Among women there are two classes, whom the home duties do not absorb, and they claim something to do. They comprise those who are not forced to work for a living, and those who are. In behalf of these I say a large field is needed for woman's work. Consider what ought to be done for that class of women who must work or perish. What are they to do? That is the question. I might specify many forms of labor, such as some parts of watchmaking, of telegraphing, of the work of newspaper offices, and countless others, all of which are adapted to woman's nature, and her capacity. The claim of this class of women is simply the claim of their humanity. They must have this work or perish—perish in one of two ways—physically, either from lack of work or scantiness of it. Think of the poor widow who makes shirts at five cents apiece—and I suppose the man who p.ys it makes the New Testament with that five cent piece. She can, perhaps, make one a day. Is not that reducing humanity nearly to starvation. Think of those noble women who virtually say, "Let death have us, so he takes to God our womanly purity untainted." Thank God for the women who die honorably and only perish physically! What did those men whom the world call heroes, more than these noble women, who, clinging to their consciences, died at their posts! This ought not to be so. Then should she work for all, and last of all, should work be denied her because she is a woman; and yet this is really the fact. We reverse the divine law which tells us not to oppress the weaker, and turn and oppress them simply because they are weak.

But there is another class who perish morally. We must not shrink from all the facts, and it is a fact that want of work has a great deal to

do with driving to shame the 20,000 women in our city, who walk our streets, whose smile is only seen by the gale. But the shame is not all with them. Shame upon him who offers the price of dishonor; shame upon those honorable women who smile upon the victorious debauchee; shame upon ourselves if we nourish any prejudice which depreciates the value of woman. Let all these shames blend with the shame of the poor lost girl, and lighten a little the curse that bears too exclusively upon her. Here are these two classes, who must have work or else, honorably or dishonorably, perish.

But there is another class of women, who are not compelled to work, concerning whom one of the noblest women of our day (Mrs. Jameson) asks if a more enlarged social sphere can not be allowed woman? I can merely say that this field is indicated in the philanthropic institutions of our age. It is exemplified in women like Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale. One of those poor soldiers of the Crimea said, that her shadow seemed to do him good as it passed over his bed. What a compliment to her was that of another poor sick man, who said to her, "I believe you are not a woman, but an angel!" How much better is that than the homage of the drawing-room or triumph of a flirtation! When called to step forward to the line, who shows more manliness, more courage, than woman? Look at the maid of Saragossa; look at Grace Darling, and at that noble woman who, but a year ago, brought home the ship of her poor disabled husband; she may have been out of her sphere, but she circumnavigated the globe. I am inclined to believe that a woman starving in the streets is fully as incongruous as a woman in the Senate or the Forum.

The true idea of civilization will never be unfolded till woman has been placed upon an equality with man. In the cabin of the *Mayflower*, in the war of the Revolution, when the wives loaded the muskets, there were such men, because there were such women. The grandest transactions of history are unfolded, when Christianity shall have reached its highest point, her heart will be near his hand. Let woman stand upon the ground of her human nature, then there will be mutual honor and mutual help; then there will be no discordant music in the march from the paradise which they left together, to that paradise which they hope to attain.

THE MORMON WAR PROBABLY A FARCE.—The Government has sent some three thousand troops into the wilderness to subjugate Brigham Young. They have halted in a convenient place; they dare not or will not go on, won't come back, and won't work, but constantly annoy the Government with excuses, and with importunities for supplies. The project should go on to its consummation, or be abandoned. In the meantime, we hope the men will be set to work sinking a telegraph, making roads, and performing other useful service to the present or future generation.

BULLS AND BEARS.—Recorder Barnard, in an able charge to the Grand Jury recently, called attention to the numerous bipeds who are known in Wall-street as "bulls" and "bears"—those who buy and sell stocks on time, which they neither own nor hold, and who trust to a rise or fall in price to make or lose—as gamblers and disturbers of the public peace and morals. He recommends that the Legislature be called upon to pass a law making such "business transactions" an indictable offense. We hope this recommendation will be carried out. There is no species of gambling more detrimental to peace, harmony and justice among men, to the men who indulge in it, to commerce and society generally, than this popular gambling in stocks.

A RELIGIOUS MONOMANIAC.—The Parke County (Ind.) *Republican* relates the following incident as having occurred in the village of Rockville, in that State: "Mr. Aaron Stewart, late a citizen of Boone county, but for some five months a citizen of our town, has been in a state of depression of spirits for about two months. Religious excitement seems to have overpowered his reason, and after the return of himself and wife from church, he conceived the idea that the Scriptures required him to sacrifice his right hand and other members of his body, under penalty of eternal punishment. He at once left the house without making known his object, and first perpetrating dangerous wounds upon his person with a knife, he next proceeded with an ax to cut off his right hand. After striking several blows, ranging from the center of the hand to some inches above the wrist-joint, and severing the hand from the arm, except some of the tendons, he walked to the door, fell into it, and fainted."

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPH TO UTAH.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says a proposition is before the Committee on Military Affairs, in the Senate, to lay a telegraph wire underground from some point of existing telegraphic communication in Missouri to the head quarters of the army in Utah, and to be continued to Salt Lake City as speedily as the army moves in that direction. The parties propose to lay such wires in one hundred days for the sum of \$5000. The work can be executed, with the aid of a machine. It is said as fast as a common ox team can travel. The Committee of the Senate are divided—three for it and three against it—but have agreed to report the fact to the Senate, and allow that body to take such action in the matter they please.

DEATH OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.—Rev. Dudley A. Tying, son of Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tying had his arm badly lacerated by a threshing machine, necessitating amputation, from the combined effects of which he died at his residence in Philadelphia, on Monday of last week. Until about an hour before his dissolution he believed he would recover, when he was informed by his physician and his family that his end was approaching. He received the assurance with the utmost resignation, answering, "It is well, it is very well; God's will be done." He then took an affectionate leave of his family, and exhorted his aged father to remain faithful to his calling as a minister, and then asked his family to sing a hymn, during the singing of which his spirit peacefully took its departure.

REMARKABLE LAKE TIDE.—The Milwaukee *Sentinel* of April 14, mentions that on the Friday morning previous, a tidal wave came rushing into the river from the lake, and caused so strong and a sudden current up stream as to upset the ferry boat on the Menomonee. Quite a number of persons, on that morning, noticed a rapid fall of water in the river, succeeded by an equally rapid rise. The phenomenon was even more marked on the beach of the lake, and the terrors and somewhat violent uprisings and recessions of the waters indicated some subterranean commotion, probably of the nature of an earthquake.

THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, recently held in New York, *Resolved*, That we reaffirm the language of our discipline as it was in 1784, v. z.: "That the practice of holding our fellow-citizens in slavery is contrary to the golden rule of God and the inalienable rights of mankind, as well as the principles of the American Revolution, and we therefore deem it our most solemn duty to take immediately some effectual method to extirpate this abomination from us."

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—Two new counterfeiters (\$100 on the Merchants' Bank, New York, and \$50 on the Princeton Bank of Princeton, N. J.) have made their appearance.

FROM EUROPE.

The steamship *Arago*, from Southampton on the 7th of April, arrived at this port on the morning of the 20th. She brought very little news that is worthy of being reported.

Some consternation, and anxiety for the safety of the Leviathan steamship, had been occasioned by the breaking of two of her bow mooring-chains, in a squall, and by her drifting toward apparent destruction. By the efforts of three steam tugs, however, which were immediately brought into requisition, she was soon restored and fastened to her original position, the squall fortunately proving to be of short duration.

In France, the Emperor had inaugurated the Boulevard Sebastopol a few days previous to the sailing of the *Arago*. He was on horseback and rode in front of the escort. His Majesty was loudly cheered, and everything went off in perfect tranquillity. The crowd was very great. The Government has just placed the "Corse" steam advice boat at the disposal of Marshal Pelissier, to convey him and his suite to England.

A second letter to the Emperor, purporting to have been written by Orsini from his prison, just before his execution, had been trumped up, and is republished in the London *Times*, together with Orsini's will. The letter disclaims faith in assassination, and strongly dissuades his countrymen from following his example. The letter is thought by some to be a forgery, of the origin of which Mons. Napoleon himself is presumed to know a thing or two.

At Constantinople, the news of the measures taken by the municipality of New York to welcome H. G. Mohammed Pasha and suite to the shores of the New World, has occasioned much gratification to the Ottoman Government, and the Sultan had expressed himself as greatly pleased by a hospitality which rivals that of the ancient Arabs. Nothing more touching to Mussalman feelings could be done by the American people than the offering of a hospitable reception to an agent of the Sultan.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

FREDERICK CAMMISHER, of Ind. county, Penn., was shot a day or two ago by a tenant of his named Baker, from whom he demanded his arrears of rent. Baker settled the case by killing the landlord.

SICKNESS is prevailing to an alarming extent in Breck, Mass. It is said to resemble the spotted fever now raging in Western New York, and prevalent in New England some forty years since.

BUCK COUNTY—over the river from Trenton, N. J., is alive with excitement at the discovery of a hermit, who, it is said, has occupied a cave at Wolf Rocks for the last eighteen years, who has a beard a yard long, and whose apartments are said to be wonderful cozy. About one thousand persons visited the cave on Sunday.

Two gentlemen from Boston last week joined a party of gunners at Monomoy Point, Chatham, for the purpose of shooting brant. During the last three days they bagged two hundred and twenty-eight brant, two Canada geese, and two black ducks.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF KANSAS CITIES.—A Kansas correspondent, in allusion to the rapid growth of Kansas, says: "The growth of western cities has always been quoted as something marvellous, and this one of Leavenworth will not fall behind the most marvellous accounts of their progress. Less than four years ago, not a building was to be seen on the spot where now reside at least eight thousand people. In the space of three years and a half, it has grown up to its present proportions, and is still increasing rapidly. Two daily papers and three weeklies are published in this city. The various printing offices are overrun with job work, and business generally is prosperous. In addition to the progress in the newspaper line, the citizens are preparing for the introduction of water into the city, and also intend lighting it with gas. A great deal of activity is apparent, arising from the preparations being made here for the Utah expedition."

COL. FORNEY says that "if there were no patronage enlisted against us in the Lecompton struggle, there would not be enough advocates of it to rescue scoundrels from annihilation."

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA HAVE PURCHASED MOUNT VERNON.—The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, of the 9th inst., says: "We are happy to announce that on the 6th inst., in the presence of two parties, and the counsel of the Association and the proprietor of Mount Vernon, a contract was formally entered into, before a notary, between John A. Washington, Esq. and the Regent of the Association, for the purchase of the home and grave of Washington by the Association. The particulars will be given in a few days."

HEAVY DAMAGES.—At the late session of the Logan (Ky.) Circuit Court, John King recovered a verdict for \$3,500 damages against Dr. Stephen Fisk for maltreatment of his eyes, by which he became blind. At the same time and place, Simon Gavitt recovered \$2,000 damages against a man named McClannahan, for a wound caused by the careless discharge of a pistol in the hands of the latter; and Miss Lucy Whitecarver recovered \$400 damages from John Riley, who promised to marry her, but didn't.

FARMER'S SPRING WORK.—Spring work, says the New York *Tribune*, was never more forward than it is now in the vicinity of New York. Some of the Long Island farmers, who plant thirty acres of potatoes, had them all in the ground a week or two ago, and nearly all of the early planting of the market gardens is finished, and the ground for the next course of crops all ready. We have never seen such a breadth of land on the 20th of April under cultivation, or plowed ready for planting, as we can see at this time in all directions. Even in the colder lands of Westchester county and Connecticut we found gardens planted, and many potato fields being planted, and the oats all sown and all kinds of spring work, very forward.

THE WHEAT CROP.—It is reported that the wheat crop in the different parts of Tennessee, looks unusually fine and promising. The crop is as forward as it has ever been known at this season, and it is growing beautifully. The Hannibal Mo. *Harvester*, says: "The prospect for an abundant yield of wheat at the harvest of 1858, is now very encouraging all through this portion of Missouri. The growing crop now covers the ground well, and is of a fine luxuriant color. The prospect for a large yield was never better."

THE Henderson (Ky.) *Commercial*, tells the story of a fashionable "lady of color," who was promading the streets on Sunday last, when all at once, newspapers commenced falling, and her dimensions contracting, until about fifty newspapers were strewn upon the street; nor was she aware of the loss until a little darkie just behind exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "Lor a massy, I see do believe dat nigger is made of newspapers!" This raised the "lady's" ire, when she retorted by exclaiming, "You fool boy, dat's what Missus makes her ob."

NAVIGATING THE AIR.—Considerable excitement was created in Columbia county, Arkansas, on the 24th ult., by the sudden appearance of a genius, named Ben Johnson, from Harrison county, Missouri, in a balloon, with thirty wild geese were harnessed. He said he had been traveling in mid heaven for nearly forty-eight hours, and thought it about time to come down for "fodder."

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Doddworth's Academy next Sunday.

We understand that R. P. Ambler is expected to lecture at Doddworth's next Sunday, morning and evening, and that the desk will be occupied by A. J. Davis for several of the subsequent Sundays, in a series of lectures.

Brooklyn.

Mrs. E. J. French will lecture to the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 2, in Clinton hall, corner of Clinton and Atlantic-street, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

Miss Hardinge at Clinton Hall.

Miss Emma Hardinge will give the last two of her series of lectures in New York, at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, on Monday and Thursday evenings of this week. On Thursday evening, April 29, her subject will be "Spiritualism in the future—its use and mission." This will be Miss Hardinge's last lecture in New York for some months. To commence at eight o'clock. Admittance 10 cents.

Spiritual Hygiene at Clinton Hall.

Dr. R. T. H. Lock will lecture at Clinton Hall (2d story), Astor Place, on Sunday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, after which there will be a conference at the same place. There will also be a conference in the same room, on some evening of next week, of which more definite notice will be given hereafter.

Mrs. Dorman.

By reference to advertisement in another column, it will be seen that Mrs. Caroline Dorman, the well-known clairvoyant, has removed to Newark, N. J. During her sojourn in this city, at Dr. Wellington's Water Cure Establishment, her examinations and prescriptions were very satisfactory, and we have no doubt that she will soon establish a successful reputation in her new location.

Spiritualists' Library and Reading Room.

On the first of May, an additional room will be fitted up adjoining the one now occupied by the subscriber, as a library and reading room. It will be arranged with a due regard to neatness and comfort, and will be well supplied with spiritual and reform literature, also a choice selection of works on religion, science, and the arts, together with the best class of the light literature of the day.

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S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones-street, New York.

CIRCLES.—A portion of the time, day and evening, will be occupied at the spiritual rooms, 5 Great Jones-street, soon after the first day of May, in holding circles, at which it is intended to secure the services of the best test-mediums in the country, so far as may be. The advantages of this arrangement are, that while it will not interfere with mediums at their homes, opportunities will be afforded the numerous inquirers from abroad of consulting them at certain hours, at a central point.

The established rates for communicating will not be interfered with, but remain the same.

The number of mediums engaged and the hours for holding circles will be announced at the proper time.

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